GloMag

Monthly Online Poetry and Prose Magazine

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Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

MONIKA AJAY KAUL



Title of the Cover Pic: **Dripping Butterfly**

About The Artist

I'm a multilingual poet and short-story writer, residing in Delhi, India. I'm an educationist by profession, currently serving as a guest-faculty. I've contributed in various poetry and short-story anthologies. I'm enjoying my aesthetics journey by painting, writing and singing.

Website

https://www.instagram.com/jouska.in.me/

Art Perspective

"When words failed me,

I daubed colors on a blank canvas.

When colors weren't enough,

I wrote a Poem on a blank page.

When words and colors fell through,

I smiled.

And…

It made all the difference..!!"

That’s how I face my daily idiosyncrasies. I don’t chase beauty and love. It may be invisible at times but I know it is omnipresent. I find it supporting me in life's ups and downs. I find it in my Art… though not perfect. I find it in my rudimentary poems that I try scribbling, embryonic strokes of colors, in my broken notes while singing. I don't seek perfection. I know it's a myth.

Nature often sways me to Art. I believe the Universe mothers Art. It's just that we need a contemplation.

I originally belong to the beautiful valley of Kashmir. After migrating from there in 1990, I pursued my education partly at Udhampur, J&K. Having done my higher education in Business Management from Delhi University, I'm an educationist in the same field.

I follow my dream in the cosmos of Aesthetics. An avid reader as Literature, Art History and Aesthetic Studies remain my first love.

My poetry and short stories are showcased in various prestigious Indian and International anthologies, e-zines and publishing hubs. I live with my family in Delhi.

ABOUT GLOMAG

GloMag is the coming together of writers in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions, and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the writer gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the writer's intentions, and at the same time, enhance the reading experience. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. The thoughts capture you, time stands still, and you become engrossed, oblivious to anything but these beautiful writings, expressions, and pictures. Your soul dances in ecstasy, participates in a cosmic experience, it sways and chants. Somewhere someone is telling you about duality, someone tells you about a forlorn house without music, someone shows you how to love, and someone raises questions about existence itself.

And when you come to, the world is still there, the lake is still there, the birds are chirping, shadows have lengthened. Nothing feels the same! You are not the same! You get up reluctantly. It's time to go home.

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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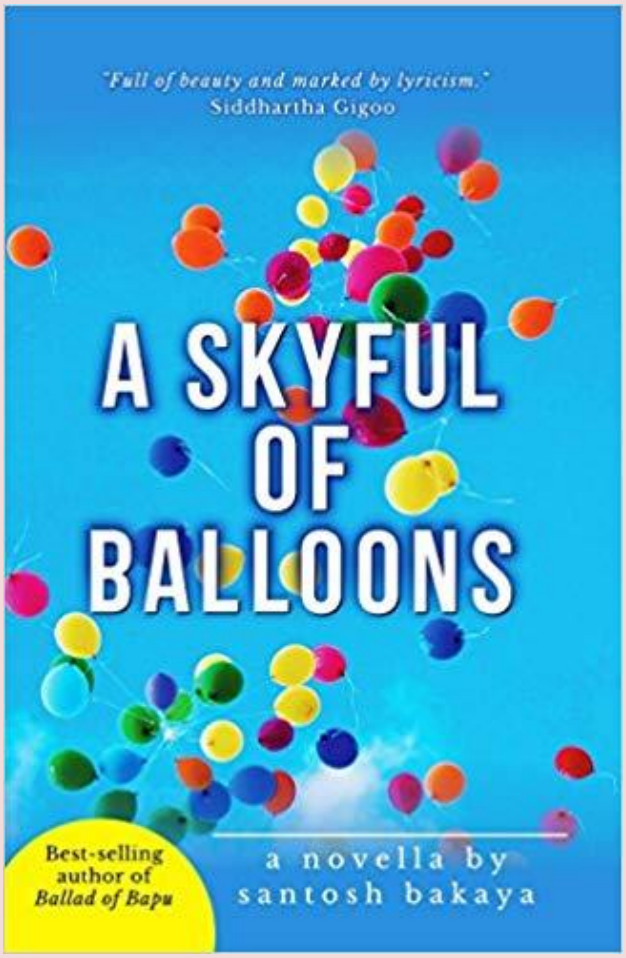
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BOOK OF THE MONTH

A SKYFUL OF BALLOONS

Written by Santosh Bakaya

Published by Authorspress


"Full of beauty and marked by lyricism."
Siddhartha Gigoo
A SKYFUL OF BALLOONS
Best-selling author of Ballad of Bapu
a novella by
santosh bakaya

LINK

https://www.amazon.in/Skyful-Balloons-Santosh-Bakaya/dp/B07CQDTNZ8

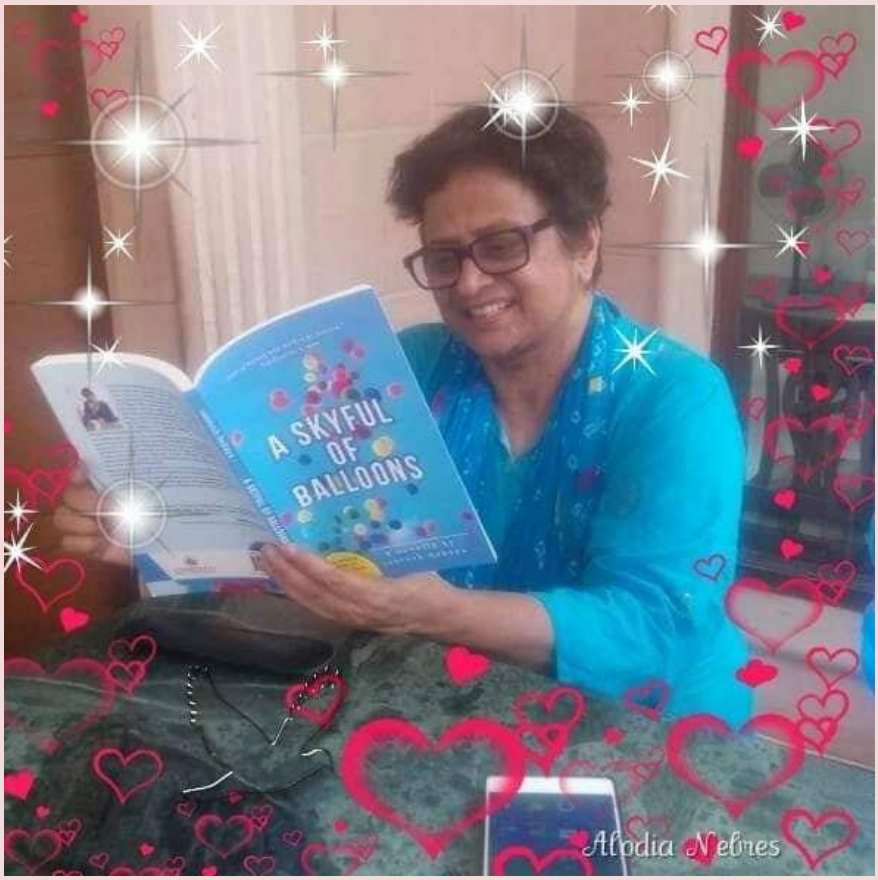
About The Author

Critically acclaimed for her poetic biography of Mahatma Gandhi, Ballad of Bapu [Vitasta; 2015], academician-essayist-poet-novelist, Dr. Santosh Bakaya is the recipient of the Reuel International Award [2014] for her long poem, Oh Hark!.

About The Book

In the all-encompassing darkness the cicadas grumbled, the leaves rustled and whispered, a hen suddenly broke into a series of raucous squawks. It was indeed a bright, talkative night, gabbing away, twenty four to the dozen. It talked and she listened. Not to them, but to her own sounds. The stars hobnobbed with the clouds, the pine trees confabulated with each other, the snoozing birds, once again burst into a string of chirps woken from their forty winks. One fidgety owl flew down from the tree and perched on her window sill, tapping at it. "Talk to me talk to me toohootoohoo", it said, and she continued to listen. To her own sounds. In a sudden flash of clarity, she realized that the person moving around the house morosely, was not her, the person plodding through life in a somnambulistic trance was not her. The ear-callousing silence at home wasn't her either. The trouble was, she herself did not know what she was anymore. The girl who once babbled on with a bright-eyed-

exuberance, suddenly turned extremely quiet; she had her hallucinations for company, and a nightmare which clung to her resiliently, making her scream every night. Wordlessly. Why did the garrulous girl suddenly turn absolutely quiet? What devastating twist, what tragedy engulfed her, throwing her life into turmoil? Read on to find out.A Skyful of Balloons will make you laugh and cry with the characters, the vicissitudes in their lives will tug at your heartstrings; you will savour the beams of the rising sun, and the romance of the setting sun will tickle you into a beautiful morn.



THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is a bilingual poetry writer from Kolkata, India. She has keen interest in music, poetry and drama and she loves every form of fine arts. She has done master degree in English Literature and Hons in Bengali literature. She is a published poet and her poems have been published more than twenty national and international anthologies, magazines and blogs. She is the founder of an online poetry group and a member of World Union Of poets. She is very passionate about poetry and she thinks poetry is the best way to express your thought.



Name: Sumana Bhattacharjee

Occupation: Education Counsellor

Book, Ebook or Audio, which do you prefer: Book

Favorite book: Tale of Two Cities

Favorite movie: Twilight Saga

Favorite song: How I love You (Engelbert Humperdink)

Favorite hobby: Singing

Favorite color: Black and Red

Favorite sport: Basketball

Favorite food: Biriyani

Favorite pet: Dog

Favorite actor: Hrithik Roshan

Favorite actress: Kajol ,Megan Fox

Life philosophy: Never forget to smile. Smile is the only antidote of pain.

One liner describing you: Two things describe me best: sensitive and loyal.

Favorite holiday destination: Budapest

Favorite quote: Truth is strength

Birthday: 21. 1. 1979

Sign off message: Sumana Bhattacharjee

CONTENT

Abu Siddik	**19**
Adnan Shafi	**21**
Ahmad Al-Khatat	**24**
Alan Britt	**28**
Alicja Maria Kuberska	**31**
Alok Kumar Ray	**34**
Amanita Sen	**37**
Ameeta Agnihotri	**40**
Aminool Islam	**44**
Amita Ray	**46**
Amitabh Mitra	**49**
Amit Krishan Agnihotri	**50**
Ampat Koshy	**52**
Anand Gautam	**55**
Aneek Chatterjee	**58**
Angela Chetty	**61**
Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tiku)	**63**

Anju Kishore	**66**
Ann Christine Tabaka	**70**
Anurag Mathur	**73**
Ashish K Pathak	**76**
Asoke Kumar Mitra	**81**
Avik Kumar Maiti	**84**
B S Tyagi	**87**
Barry Pittard	**91**
Bevan Boggenpoel	**96**
Bharati Nayak	**100**
Bill Cushing	**102**
Bilquis Fatima	**105**
Bishnu Charan Parida	**108**
Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak	**111**
Brindha Vinodh	**114**
Carl Scharwath	**116**
Chandramohan Naidu	**119**
Christopher Villiers	**121**

Daniel de Culla **124**

Darren C. Demaree **126**

Debjani Mukherjee **127**

Deena Padayachee **130**

Deepti Sharma **133**

Deepti Singh **136**

Dipankar Sarkar **139**

Don Beukes **142**

Duane Vorhees **148**

Eliza Segiet **151**

Ferris E Jones **153**

Gauri Dixit **155**

Gayatree G. Lahon **158**

Geeta Varma **161**

Geethanjali Dilip **164**

Glory Sasikala **167**

Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny **170**

Gopal Lahiri **174**

Guna Moran **177**

Jagadish Prasad **180**

Jeffrey Oliver **183**

Jennifer Carr **185**

Joan McNerney **187**

K.s.Subramanian **189**

Ken Allan Dronsfield **192**

Kerala Varma **195**

Leena Pradeep **199**

Linda Imbler **202**

Lopamudra Mishra **205**

Madhu Jaiswal **208**

Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar **210**

Madhu Sriwastav **213**

Mahitha Kasireddi **217**

Mansi Sharma **220**

Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi **223**

Mehak Gupta Grover **225**

Merlyn Alexander **228**

Michael Lee Johnson **231**

Mike Griffith **234**

Moinak Dutta **237**

Nakshata Agarwal **240**

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha **244**

Nilanjana Dey **247**

Nitusmita Saikia **250**

Nivedita Karthik **254**

Padmini Rambhatla **257**

Panjami Anand **260**

Pankajam **262**

Parasuram Ramamoorthi **265**

Paromita Mukherjee Ojha **268**

Paul Brookes **271**

Philip G. Bell **273**

Pooja Suresh **275**

Prabha Prakash **279**

Prahallad Satpathy **281**

Pratima Apte **283**

Praveen Ranjit **285**

Preety Bora **287**

Priyanka Nair **289**

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan **292**

Radhamani Sarma **296**

Rajnish Mishra **299**

Rakesh Chandra **302**

Ranjana Sharan Sinha **305**

Reena Prasad **309**

Ritika Ojha **312**

Robert Feldman **315**

Romeo della Valle **318**

Ryan Quinn Flanagan **322**

Saikat Gupta Majumdar **324**

Saleem Raza (Saleem Kattuchola) **327**

Samixa Bajaj **330**

Samrudhi Dash (Inara)	**333**
Sanhita Sinha	**336**
Santosh Bakaya	**339**
Sara Bubber	**342**
Sarala Balachandran	**344**
Saranya Francis	**347**
Scott Thomas Outlar	**350**
Seema K Jayaraman	**352**
Shreekumar Varma	**357**
Smruti Ranjan Mohanty	**359**
Sudeshna Mukherjee	**363**
Sujata Dash	**370**
Sujata Paul	**373**
Sumana Bhattacharjee	**376**
Sumita Dutta	**380**
Sunil Kaushal	**383**
Sunil Sharma	**386**
Sunita Singh	**389**

Suzette Portes San Jose **392**

Svanhild Løvli **395**

Swapan Kumar Rakshit **398**

Tribhu Nath Dubey **401**

Vandana Kumar **404**

Varsha Saran **407**

Vidya Shankar **410**

Vijay Nair **413**

Vineetha Mekkoth **416**

Vivek Nath Mishra **421**

Zulfiqar Parvez **423**



A PREGNANT MOTHER

At a grocery shop

In a bazaar’s half-lit alley

I met a mother,

Demure and dark.

Belly swollen,

And eyes sunken deep.

Limbs lean, pale, and

Lips withered.

With her escorts her eyes' star,

A half-naked child who

Leans against her mother

And nags for a candy.



Abu Siddik: I am a writer, residing in Berhampore, Murshidabad, India. I work as Assistant Professor. I have contributed to various e-journals and anthologies. I have also published three books. Website: www.abusiddik.com



https://in.pinterest.com/pin/238127899024867973/

MOTHER

A treasure trove, for an ineffable mother,

I love thee only, - thou art

seraphic soul,

Alas! The world has decimated thy themes now that frayed!

Can I not look for some words quite impeccable and praiseworthy

To make vivid thy tender and cherishing,

Thy nature for thy children, thy luscious tonality in lulling them?

Can I not, by some figures construe

Thy decisive love I receive,

The riveting elation, so like to wondrous beat?

Can I not, by some similes, metaphors construe

Thy life sacrificed, in the long run of tendering a family,

Thy canvas so huge, Ah, all verses filled, cannot express thy being.

So let me cease my lines this way-

Words can naught do,

But blithely gladden thee.



Adnan Shafi: I am a poet, writer, columnist, translator, and reviewer from Tral Kashmir (J and K). I have contributed my poems to various reputed magazines, journals, and international anthologies. I have also published my poetry book “Tears fall in my heart”.



ADOPTION

When I was a teenager

I donated to a little orphan

since then I made a vow that

I would adopt her, and marry her

Days go by and nights come

I learned how to hurt myself

by doing bad habits that will

guide me to die below the bridge

I lost count of my harmful cuts

I lost all the joyful memories and

moments from weeping beneath
the lights of the miserable bar
My mother thought that I was well,
As my smile hid the tears that
damaged my physical therapist
within minutes after hearing me
I lost many chances and luck
until I met a broken heart,
she cried when she knew that I
found what was missing of me
I found her
between all of my poetry
between all of my cigarette smoke
I tried to lose her
as I saw my shadow following her
Ann you didn't adopted a regular girl
you have definitely raised one angel
that showed me life with colours

From your love and care for my princess

the grief inside of me has smiled when

your daughter kissed my salty lips and

wiped my tears, hopefully she will

close my eyes after my smiling face rests



Ahmad Al-Khatat: He was born in Baghdad, Iraq on May 8th. He has been published in several press publications and anthologies all over the world and has poems translated in several languages. He has published two poetry books “The Bleeding Heart Poet” and “Love On The War’s Frontline” which are available on Amazon. Most of his new and old poems are also available on his official page Bleeding Heart Poet on Facebook.



THE SUBLIME

A man sips morphine

as he pulls a capsule of blood

from his worsted wool pocket.

A violin

oriental

& electric lime.

Verification simple.

All one has to do now

is hail a cab

of mercury.

Japanese maple leaves

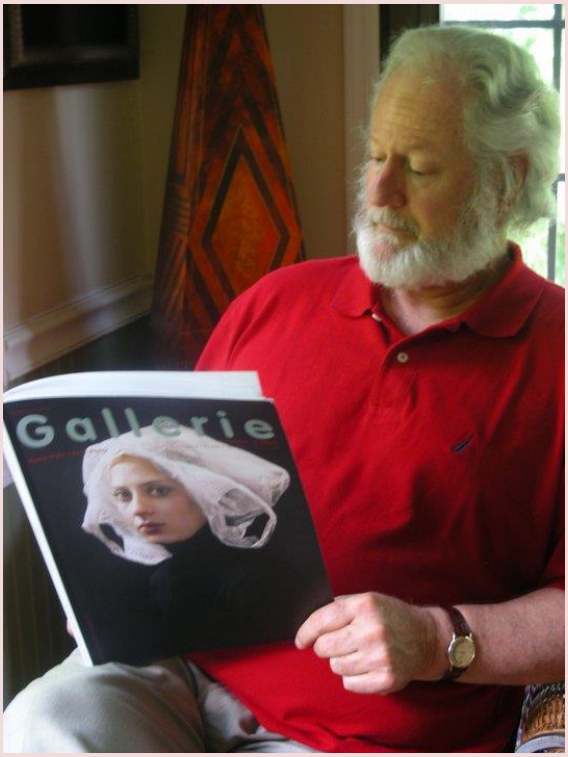
shatter the curb

of a Delaware neighborhood.

Like a single G string,

minor chord,

the sublime.



Alan Britt: In August 2015, Alan Britt was invited by the Ecuadorian House of Culture Benjamín Carrión in Quito, Ecuador as part of the first cultural exchange of poets between Ecuador and the United States. In 2013, he served as judge for the The Bitter Oleander Press Library of Poetry Book Award. His interview at The Library of Congress for The Poet and the Poem aired on Pacifica Radio, January 2013. He has published 15 books of poetry, his latest being Violin Smoke (Translated into Hungarian by Paul Sohar and published in Romania: 2015). He teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University.



http://www.islamedianalysis.info/a-new-war-in-the-middle-east/

WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Memories like grains of sand,

during a storm in the desert,

swirled violently in the mind.

They hit hard, hurt badly.

Sight wanders around a desolate city.

I remember, there was a school there

and next to it a library and a flower shop.

The huge holes remained in the ground after them,

surrounded by the black stumps of the burnt trees.

Silence spills with a wide stream

through the empty streets and ashes.

It settles like dust on the broken glass.

Birds flew away, the absent inhabitants fell silent.

Sometimes the wind wails among the ruins

and then as the echo

the whistle of falling bombs comes back.

In a surviving building without a wall,

like on a great theatrical scene of life,

an old man is sitting alone and reading a book.

Hunger and fear have driven neighbors away.

He did not run away and became a guardian of hope.

Poor people suffer and die.

Politicians speak beautifully about peace,

about democracy and human rights.

Businessmen count the big profits

from the sale of weapons.

The vampires rise above the oil fields

to swab the last drop of black blood

from the tormented desert land.



Alicja Maria Kuberska: She is an awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines. She has published 13 poetry anthologies. She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of the Directors' Board of Soflay Literature Foundation.



LOVE ME IN TOTO

Love me in toto

Love me enough

My love resembles with full moon in clear sky

Enthralls the whole night with silvery costume, but so shy

You are made for me

I possess you, your love

Your love rotates me, believing me as the axis

Single inadvertent step will baffle you to get the oasis

You may live faraway

May you be near to me

That will not fiddle with my love like whirlwind in summer

My love emerges as a wave in the cozy heart to entangle you in my favour

You are mine for ever

I will not desert you, never

Our love is beyond the purview of time and space

It's full proof, meant exclusively for us, God’s grace

You love me full

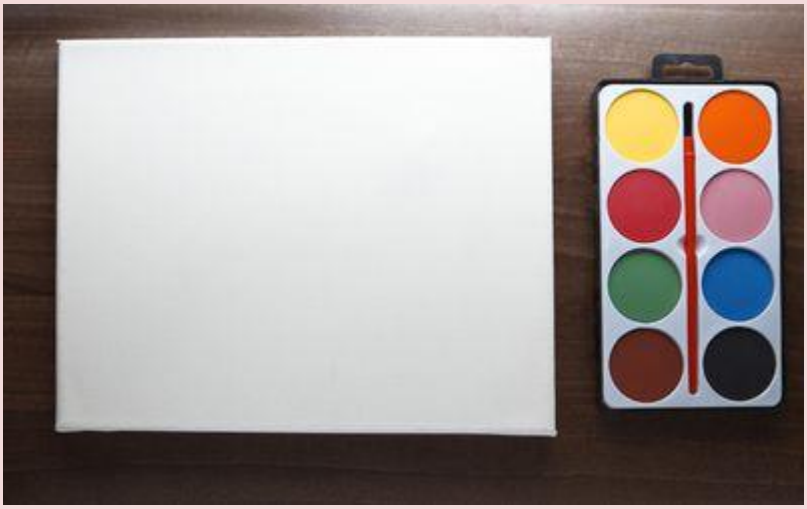
Not use me as a tool

Love me from the cavern of your heart so subtle

Kiss me, bleed me, win me but don't give it a mere title



Alok Kumar Ray: I am a bi-lingual poet residing in Kendrapara district headquarters of Odisha province in India. I work as a Senior Lecturer in Political Science. I have contributed to various anthologies. I contribute regularly to various online poetry groups also.



https://www.liveabout.com/painting-over-an-unfinished-oil-painting-2578581

THE BLANK CANVAS

What else is it other than

a whole gamut of possibilities

where with a stroke of brush

you make your own universe?

Right from the act of getting

heady at the smell of the colours,

till your hand is aching, for it was

tedious to finish the canvas;

this is a ritual to turn you a God

where you bring alive your inspiration,

hue it up with shades of your choice

what catches your imagination,

be at it till you have etched it out

to perfection, to drown your eyes in

and can you hear me when I gently

whisper to you, “Am I your blank canvas?”



Amanita Sen: I am a poet residing in Kolkata, India. I work as a mental-health professional. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published 1 book of poems.



MEMORIES

These memories

Pop up

And just like that,

They touch me.

A gentle caress

Sometimes

A happy smile

Sometimes,

They sit,

Heavy and melancholy

I have to sigh

As I remember

Another day

Another taste

Another feeling

Another emotion...

Maybe not so long ago

It could be

Time spent with friends

Laughter shared

Unfinished conversations

Or photographs

Of the laughing departed

Some

Gone before their time

Will their loved ones ever forget?

Will their pain ever fade?

Ah,

But they have

Their memories…



Ameeta Agnihotri: Bold, Independent, Updated. Two words resonate in her mind: be present. That explains why nothing ever comes between her food and her. ‘When I am doing my job, I’m there for a reason,’ says the lady who has loved food and writing all her life. She takes meticulous notes, always giving positive, constructive feedback and suggestions. Many describe this Chennai Times Food Critic as open-minded, friendly, knowledgeable and very professional. ‘It is the present that matters. I believe in giving it my best. Always. Instead of looking at the whole

intimidating picture, I set small goals: one step at a time, one day at a time, and like magic, the job is done.She has 10 books on various subjects to her credit. And has a few ideas up her sleeve. ‘It’s the publishers that are missing,’ she laughs. ‘The world has gone digital, so it's Instagram stories now.’



I AM DEAD

I am dead

Still none is shedding tears

But that has not held up my death

Even for a nanosecond.

Those near my heart are far away

All are busy with no time to breathe

The reality of life has enmeshed all

Distance, busyness, the reality of life—

All these together fail to postpone

My death for a wink.

I am dead

Slowly, long since.

Distance, busyness, reality—

These are all that remain.

Just I am absent.



Aminool Islam: I am a poet residing in Bogra, Bangladesh. I work as an English language instructor. I have contributed to various anthologies. I am currently the sub-editor of a literary magazine named Neeharika.



RAG MALKAUNS

It has been some months

I sense a furtiveness

in your ways, the familiar redolence of ‘Old Spice’

wafts out through the window

‘Wild Musk’ besieges me in aloofness.

The morning freshness of jasmine

we so long savoured in sips

is now a sediment

in the overused tea pot

waiting to be flushed out

as I serve it with my accustomed alacrity.

Gestures of love warm and heartfelt

woven around books, Knick knacks,

suspend in thin air of redundancy.

Do relations come with an expiry date?

Love sustains a lifetime of rhapsodies,

relations may snap, but my love

as an everlasting pain

perhaps render a soulful note

of rag Malkauns in stray nights

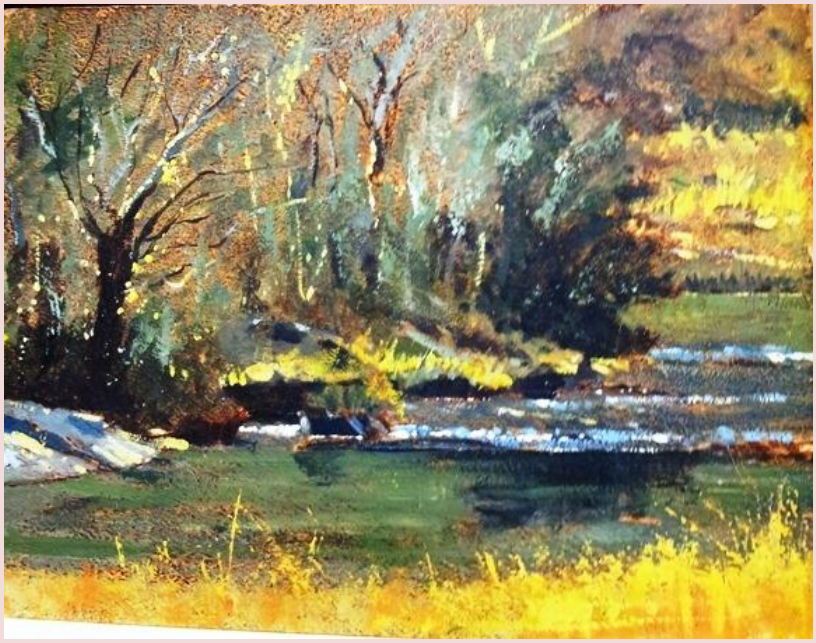
to moisten your soul

Where the new Sprouts.

Rag Malkauns: a melodic pattern of notes in Indian Classical Music



Amita Ray: She is a retired associate professor of English and Vice Principal of a College in Howrah, West Bengal. She resides in Kolkata and is a published translator as well as a short story writer. An academic of varied interests she has been in the teaching profession for thirty eight years. She takes an active interest in working with the child development unit of an NGO based in Kolkata and is associated with other social organisations at present.



Space, mind, time

Can I reach out?



Amitabh Mitra: He is an Indian-born South African physician, poet and artist. He is one of the most widely published poets globally.



SHADOWS OF OUR FATHERS

(remembering our Fathers and the others before them)

This Today

We stand Tall

Cloudy Eyes

Gazing Worldwide

We

Control Shifting Tides

Our Thoughts

Move Continents

Our Intent

is Fire in the Sky

We read

The Stars like a Compass

Yet

Despite

We are but Faint Shadows

Of the

Men who were our Fathers



Amit Krishan Agnihotri: I am a poet residing in Landquart Switzerland. I work as a County Manager. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published short stories and poems in UK and India.



https://en.picmix.com/pic/Beautiful-Witch-8078795

WOMEN WANT WANT TO KILL A WITCH

I could write a witch poem

She doesn't have to turn around to face you

From her back itself you know that she is one

She is wanted in every country

The men want to think that she sleeps naked every night

The women want her skin clear

So when she is burned it leaves scars

They say she cast a spell to be this beautiful

She will talk to you only through her silence

And if you are a wizard

I could write a poem about her

But she is a witch

And witches are poems

What poem can one write about a witch?

I could write a witch poem

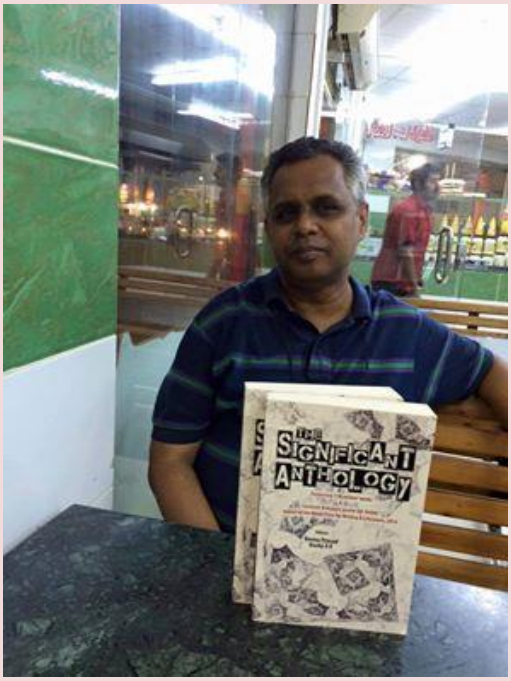
But poems are witches

And fly on a word broom at night

Keeping you awake

Wishing for a wild forest to dance in the moonlight in a circle in

Casting a witch of a wordspell



Ampat Koshy: He teaches in a college as Assistant Professor in Jazan, Saudi Arabia. He is the author of books like Art of Poetry, Wrighteings: In Media Res, Figs, Allusions to Simplicity (poetry), and co-author of Wake Up India: Essays for Our Times with Dr Bina Biswas and co-editor of The Significant Anthology with Reena Prasad and Michele Baron etc. He also runs The Signifcant League and has instituted the Reuel International Prize for Literature. He is a poet and critic and fiction writer of renown in India and abroad plus a Pushcart Prize Poetry Nominee of 2012. His Ph.D was on Samuel Beckett and his thesis was later published as Samuel Beckett's English Poetry: Transcending the Roots of Resistance in Language. He has also co-edited Inklinks and Umbilical Chords.



POEM FOR AUGUST

I don't know the meter

Rhythm i don't

I don't make much rhyme

Yet i write a poem.

I don't know stanza

Neither i can write a sonnet

Away from the elite zone

I write a poem.

I don't bound to rules

For i don't know them

When there's a thought mayhem

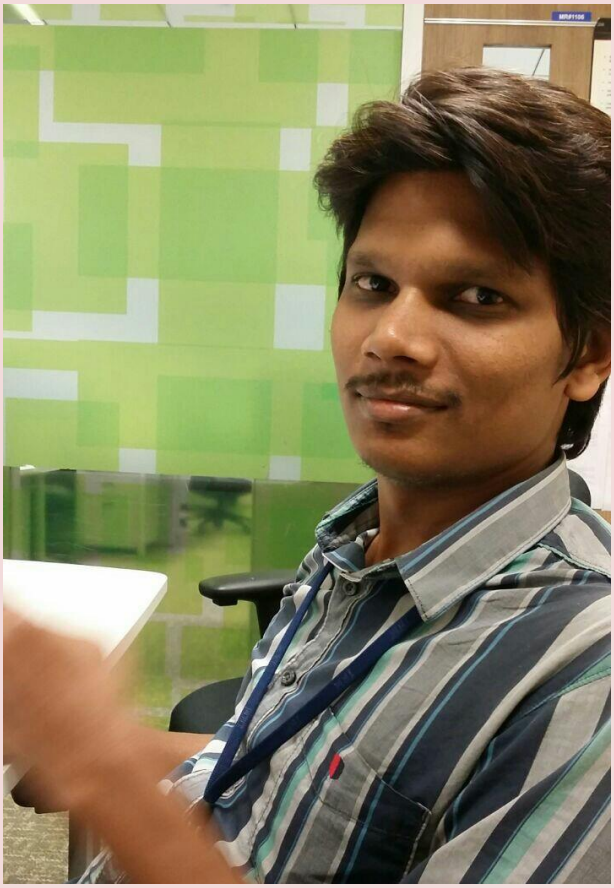
I simply write it as a poem.

I express my thoughts

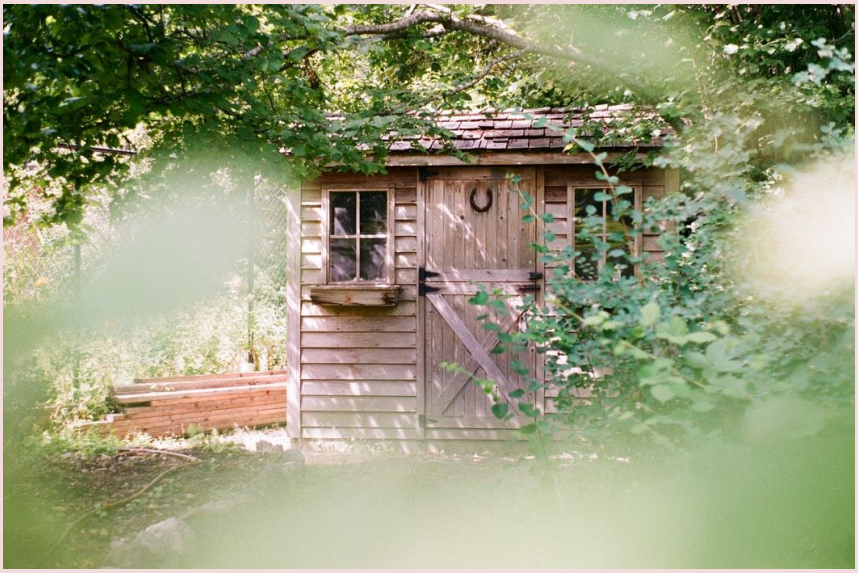
Words, i express them in

I put ink on the paper and

Here i write a poem.



Anand Gautam: He hails from Hyderabad, India. He studied life sciences, currently works in a tech giant, and his heart and soul has always been inclined towards poetry and fiction. He snatches a few minutes every day from his life for his love of writing and believes that one's passion must be kept alive to be alive. He can be found on Instagram handle, @anand_writes and he blogs at https://notesandwords.wordpress.com/



INSIDE THE COTTAGE

She looked at the hills

clouds settled there,

floating in the air her wish

her home

Clouds looked at her,

talking to the trees

for an abandoned

cottage where squirrels played

Squirrels looked at her,

wondering how small animals

feel happy with straws and leaves

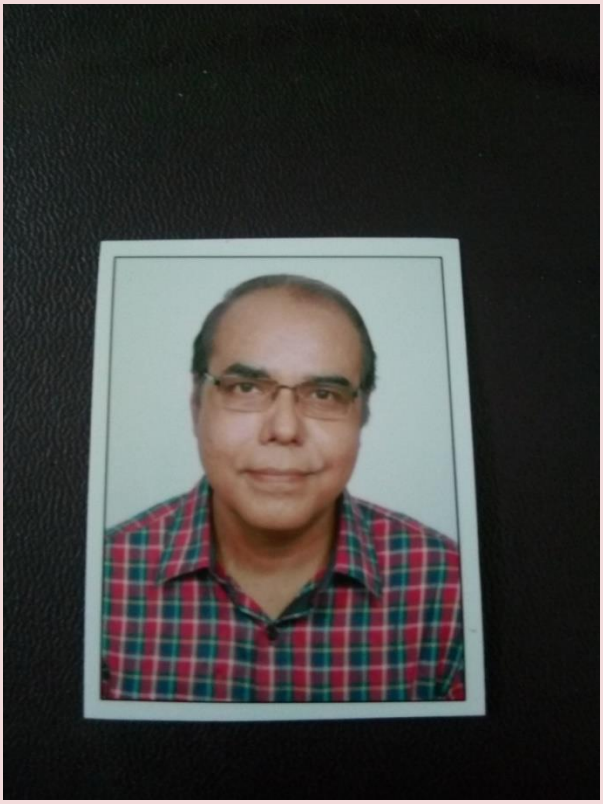
in the open green

She comes back green to routine,

where clouds nestle in the hills

trees and squirrels are busy

playing inside the cottage



Aneek Chatterjee: I am a poet, novelist and writer residing in Kolkata, India. I work as a professor of political science. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published a novel and an anthology. I taught at the University of Virginia, USA, as a Fulbright Visiting fellow.



TRAFFIKED

T- Traded like a product – the ruthless sex trade.

R- Raped of their honor and dignity, young women treated mercilessly.

A - Addiction is the tool of control. Abuse cannot be painted with the stroke of a brush

to eradicate the torture and pain.

F - Fractured hearts and minds forever scarred in their souls.

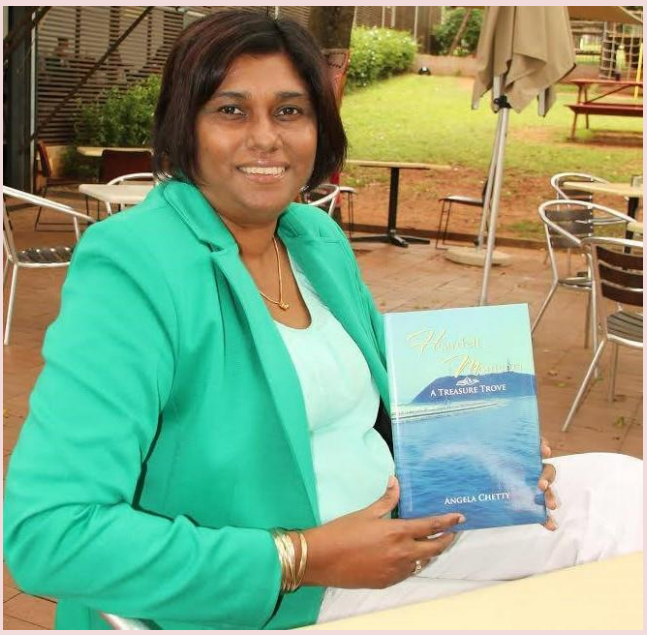
F - Fear forever instilled with no hope of escape to a better life.

I - Insidious behaviors masked in a cloak of opportunity.

K - Knives pierced into their minds severing their thinking, killing their dreams and hopes

E – Exploited by criminals forever changing their lives

D - Drug dependency destroying the young mind.



Angela Chetty: I am a poet residing in Durban, South Africa. I work as a consultant. I have contributed to various anthologies and numerous journals. I have also published a poetry anthology. I have been honoured as a contemporary poet with the most heartfelt poems in 2019.



STREET LIGHTS

Simmering lights staring at the sky

As after a drizzle clouds towards

The horizon fly

Simmering lights wake up to the

Fall of evening when sun rays

Go pale and die

Simmering lights that brighten up

The streets with heads bowing

Down to roads

Simmering lights show way to the

Passersby and snakes, worms, ants,

Moths and toads

Simmering lights close eyes with

Sight of fluttering wings and cold

Grasses on lawns

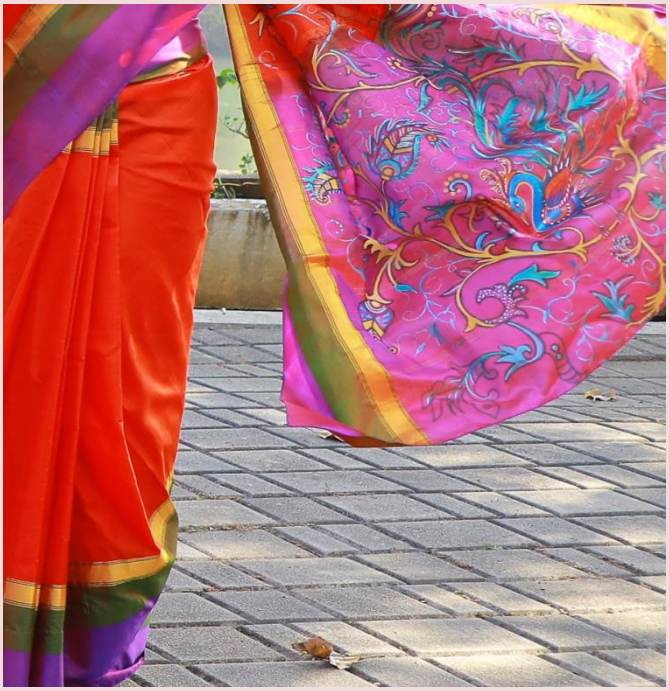
Simmering lights from poles pull

Up the black shroud to the sound

Of mills and horns



Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tiku): He is from Brajrajnagar, Odisha, India, and resides there currently. He works as a mine surveyor in coal mines. He writes short stories and poems whenever he gets time.



SIX YARDS

Draped in six yards of history and the fragrance

Of mythology's quaint magnificence,

I feel the ancient ethos that runs through every strand

Making it rustle and shimmer with stories grand.

I hear these threads echo the battle cry

Of a queen who rode to war in them...and died.

I think of the brave citizen, who tightened her folds

To surprise each intruder and kill them in hordes.

Disrobed was another queen, shamed

Until rescued by the lord who intervened,

Fortifying her with yards and yards of fabric

That strengthened her faith and emboldened her spirit.

These are the threads that richly drape a goddess

Splashing awe and devotion on our consciousness.

Transforming the terrifying Kali into the gentle Gauri,

The grace and strength of a woman is accented by the sari.

I finger the weave that has been perfected

Over centuries by craftsmen, skilled and dedicated,

Imagining how the motifs must have been dreamed

By passionate weavers all day and even while asleep.

Dreamily i drape it around my waist and drop it over my left.

In a daze, my fingers pleat and tuck the rest.

It swishes against my ankles and flutters in the breeze

This six yards of fabric that is everything a woman is.

Note:

1."a queen who rode to war..."- Lakshmi Bai, the queen of Jhansi

2. "Disrobed was another queen..."- Draupadi, from the epic The Mahabharatha

3."the brave citizen..."- Onake Obavva of Chitradurga



Anju Kishore: I am a poet and editor residing in Chennai, India. A former Cost Accountant, I have contributed to various online and print anthologies. One of the winners of The Great Indian Poetry Award 2018, my poems have been featured in the readers section of a Dubai-based magazine and in a theatrical performance in Mumbai. Moved by the plight of children caught in the crossfire during the Syrian Civil War, I traced my poetic journey from war to the love of the universe in my book, '…and I Stop to Listen' that was published in 2018.



HALF DREAM

Gilded morning shatters sleep,

dreams cling on with tenacious teeth.

A confused reality sorting through

a fragmented emotional state.

Warm bed, cold toast.

Sensations linger throughout the day.

A boy's voice, a woman's smile.

A forgotten combination from

the locker in the empty hall calls out.

A swimming pool where there is none.

Fingers trace circles only the mind can see.

The scene drifts then vanishes.

Slowly sloughing off images with a shudder,

A resemblance of normality settles in.

As evening nods its head,

a whispered sigh snakes into the night.

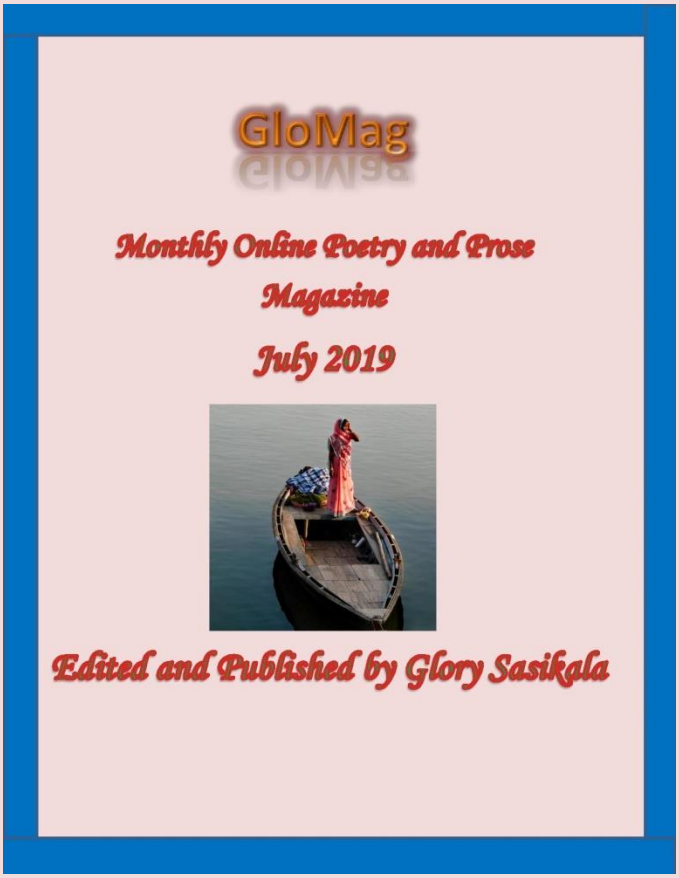
Living in a world of half dreams,

only to begin again tonight.



Ann Christine Tabaka: She was nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry, has been internationally published, and won poetry awards from numerous publications. She is the author of 9 poetry books. Christine lives in Delaware, USA. She loves gardening and cooking. Chris lives with her husband and two cats. Her most recent credits are: Burningword Literary Journal; The Write Connection; Ethos Literary Journal, North of Oxford, Pomona Valley Review, Page & Spine, West Texas Literary Review, The Hungry Chimera, Sheila-Na-Gig, Pangolin Review, Foliate Oak Review, Better Than Starbucks!, The Write Launch, The Stray Branch, The McKinley Review, Fourth & Sycamore.

*(a complete list of publications is available upon request)



HERE WE GLO AGAIN!

Landed here today after a while

Found an old poem a nice surprise

Stayed on to browse and read

Other words that inspire

Some were from friends I know

Enjoyed the music of their soul

Others I’d never read before

Glowing like embers of a fiery coal

Words from an unknown fire

As Jim Morrison would say

“I would be a liar, if I was to say to you

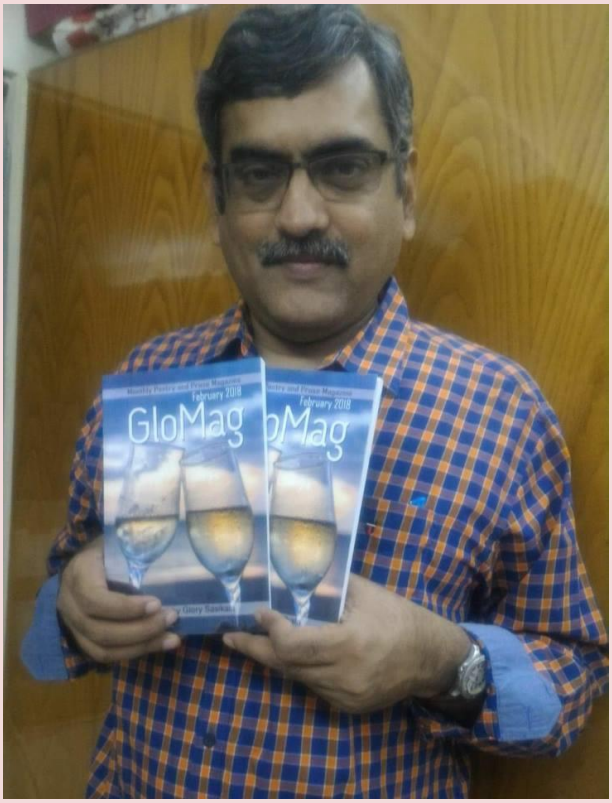
Girl, we couldn’t get much higher”

Glomag is then, but the celebration

Several small torches, one beautiful fire,

Of words that tell our stories

Our dreams, our deepest desire



Anurag Mathur: He is a trained bean counter, works for a financial services group and has spent almost two decades serving that industry. Whatever little time that has been spared from work or sleep or reflective meditation has – with quite a few well-meaning prods and nudges from friends – been devoted to occasionally tapping to the Muse's dictats from time to time.



FRIENDSHIP

Strong relationships are not made

in giant,

sweeping strokes,

but in continuity of

little connections

and kindness,

laying down besides you

and listen

when anything doing

can’t happen,

take new experiences

every moment

and give same

every moment,

together making revival strategies,

following up in their

bad times,

enjoying equally

their great times,

sharing vulnerabilities,

asking for help

and advice

thus making your pal valued,

self-disclosure with

right person

creates unending trust

so mutually beneficial,

relying on humility and

recognition of human fallibility,

Commitment and giving

the permission to feel safe

in their own skin

is the key,

and results are there

for all to see,

solid friendship can help you

shed pounds,

sleep better

at times weep better,

quit smoking

and support you through illness,

in friend so fragile

in build and make up

you find an unequal king,

this is so true for human

and individual friendship

so equally true for friendship

between nations,

we can vouch

without malice towards anyone

and aberrations.



Ashish K Pathak: I am a middle school teacher posted at Dharhara block of Munger District in Bihar province (India). I have got a letter of appreciation from then President APJ Abdul Kalam for my poem. Together with other writers and poets I have been conferred, World union of poets gold

cross medal for my contribution in the world book ‘Complexion-based Discrimination’. Over the few years, my works of poetry and sociopolitical writings have been featured in many a national, international and world anthologies. I am few amongst Asians to be featured in Marula world anthology for the second consecutive year. I am a Glomag fan for life because it has virtually no strings attached: contribute, wait and elate each month, each time with your poem, with your Rhyme. Incredible!



A DRAGONFLY

A tiny dragonfly

Gallops on the flowers

Lonely in this bright morning

Bougainvillea and sunflower

Kicks and hugs with love

Travels over green glades

Dragonfly seeks soft spring sun

Lazy morning

With you

Latitude and longitude wiped away

Forgot the roads

That lead anywhere

Ladies and gentlemen,

Let’s say goodbye

Someday will meet again



Asoke Kumar Mitra: Born 1950, from Kolkata, India, studied at Hindu school and St. Xavier's College, Kolkata. He is a retired journalist and was editor of "CALCUTTA CANVAS" and "INDUS CHRONICLE". He is a bilingual poet. He has contributed to various anthologies published in India and abroad. His poems are translated into Hindi, Punjabi, Italian, French, German, Polish, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Malay, Mandarin, Romanian, Spanish, Azerbaijani, Russian, Uzbek, Kirghiz, Greek, Swedish, Chinese, Catalan. "SAVAGE WIND" is his first poetry book, published form Kolkata, India, a bilingual edition, translated into Spanish by Mexican poet Josep Juarez. Poetry, photography, paintings are his passions.



SONAGACHHI REVISITED

After the midnight gong the last Ambassador tears down silent Sonagachhi,

And leaves the virgin night to the yellow fog and a moonlit wrapped angel

Who dismounts from the dewy sky to the beetle rusted pavement unnoticed.

As the monsoon rain is much awaited by the bony branches,

so the Angel is desired and dreaded by the skeleton of Sonagachhi.

As a dove coughs blood welcoming spring so is the tattered angel.

Addled angel like Prometheus sets fire with flint of ribs on Sonagachhi footpath

The faggotless flame lures the slushy figures who fling themselves in frenzy to fire.

The midnight magician call out in obscure language the names of these hermothrodites-

Who lived in the dreams of Sabina, Runi, Salome, who now live no-life only in solitary dreams.

The angel leans over moon and with broken wings fans the fire that is without.

Startled by the first Shyambazar tram the old angel folds the fire and puts on the fire.

Beneath the monument, beside Victoria you may have seen a vagabond busy on pavement

With charcoal an angel's visage-was it a portrait or a picture? Or just nothing? Ask the moon.



Avik Kumar Maiti: He is a poet and writer from Midnapore. He is a permanent ESL teacher at Belda Gangadhar Academy, West Bengal. He likes to travel, explore the locale with cultures, to drink life to the lees', passion in humanity and drenched in literature. He believes that God is there and one day everything will be fine again. He believes in the flame eternal that is within us, which may cause a miracle with just a sympathetic touch.

email - itzakm@gmail.com



WAITING ON THE SHORE

(1)

Four centuries are gone

When we parted away,

Now we are not alone,

Like gulls two souls sway.

(2)

I still stand on that shore

Where thou had left me,

Waiting through each pore,

Enough, come back to me.

(3)

The light of thy caged soul

Will surely lead thou to me,

Now no need to cry or call,

From all shackles get free.

(4)

Now life has come full circle

It is ripe time to meet again,

Over the past nothing to mull,

Long lost treasure we'll regain.

(5)

Afterwards there is no parting

The state of eternity lasts long,

Here ends ages-long wandering,

Love-birds will sing eternal song.

(6)

We shall melt into each other

As a river flows into the ocean,

No bondage, nothing to bother,

Drown into the blessed ocean.



B S Tyagi: He comes from India and writes in both Hindi and English. He has several books- fiction and non-fiction to his credit. His poems have been included in several anthologies. He writes short stories which regularly appear in national and international literary magazines. His write-ups and poems have appeared in national and international magazines. Besides, he has translated four books of poems.



LET’S ALL HOLD OUR TONGUES

Let's all be PC.

Let’s all hold our tongues

Clamped in a vice

Between our fingers and thumbs

Let's gulp back our truth

And no opinion escape,

Lest we be sued

For 'emotional rape'

If we speak let our words

Suck up to the Inspector

Of Political Correctness

And the Language of Nectar

We won’t say 'slum',

Let’s say: 'High rise'.

We won’t say 'poor'

But: 'Cash deprived'

We won’t say ‘fat'!

But ‘a diet-less-balanced'

Or - still kinder! -

‘Metabolism-challenged’

Let’s tread tippytoe,

And pussyfoot soft

Lest the quivering Offendable

Think they are scoffed

Let us all learn

That questioning’s a no-no,

And that a master of learning

Is no higher than a hobo

Let’s all tell our young

They’re so talented and special

Even if they know

Their scribblings are dreadful

We won’t speak of 'worst kids’

But just 'less best';

Let’s not say: ‘Hey kids,

Swot harder for your test!’

So let’s measure our words,

Let’s throttle debate,

Let’s not offend

Against bias and hate

What Sublime Philosophy,

Whose mantra is: Shshsh! ...

Not a crudity like shut up!

But a Universal Hush ...

So let’s all hold our tongues

Till they dribble and froth,

Till they bubble and burst

And our brains become broth

Yes let's be PC,

Let’s all hold our tongues

Clamped in a vice

Between our fingers and thumbs

Let’s all:

Hu - sh! ....



Barry Pittard: I am a poet, lyricist and short story writer, living in the Hinterland of South East Queensland, Australia. I am a retired (refreshed!) teacher, and have also worked as an NGO among the socially marginalised. I have broadcast on social just and world music themes on community radio. In the theatre, I worked as an actor, director and writer. Presently, I am doing a personal dance sadhana, extensively using the superb music of Uma Mohan.



SQUARE ROOT OF EVIL

his head is filled

with twisted thinking

always thrilled

with a brutal killing

the same tactics

he always uses

the paramedics

biggest nuisance

another lifeless body

on the scene

homicide authorities

diligent and keen

to find the perpetrator -

responsible

but this monster

becomes invisible

then he strikes

yet again

murder files

all in vain

the square root of evil

he is cold and calculated

filled with the devil

and irritated

they need to find

this ruthless being

his type and kind

always lurking

around the corner

to find a victim

because his mind and order

all a messed up system



Bevan Boggenpoel: He was born in Salt Lake, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. He attended Soutpan Primary and matriculated at Westville Secondary School. Boggenpoel completed a Baccalaureate in Education at the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan University. He launched his debut Anthology 1 December 2016. The book was well received by the public and he sold 200 copies locally. He is also an author at a South African website known as Litnet (Literature Network in South Africa). His poetry is written in a South African context that covers different issues in daily life. In his writings he strives to tell a story or teach a lesson that will inspire and motivate. He is currently a teacher at Bethelsdorp Road Primary in the northern areas of Port Elizabeth.



BRIDGE

How do I see this bridge

Spreading from my end to the other end?

It is the road to jump my limitations

To overcome the hurdles

Be it a river, sea or mountain

I have to reach my destination

My hope, my aspiration

Who made this bridge for me?

Some one else?

I can build for myself

As many bridges as I wish

Bridge, my courage

Bridge, my hope

Bridge, my way to success.



Bharati Nayak: I am a bilingual poet, critic and translator residing in Bhubaneswar, India. I work in the Government of Odisha. I have contributed to various national and international anthologies and e-books. I have also published three poetry books, two in English language and one in my mother tongue ODIA and worked as co-writer in two poetry Anthologies. I regularly write on on-line poetry site www.poemhunter.com where I am placed among the top 500 poets and offered the title 'Poetic Basil' for my contributions.



HIDDEN IN FRENZY

Zeus has returned to make up

for lost time, cloaking himself

in a steed dark as onyx.

He coaxes his rider to climb;

she wraps pale arms around his neck,

and with eyes closed, she begins

riding her mount. Rubenesque legs
fix her vulva tightly against
and along the ridge of his spine.

Anticipating ecstasy,
she shivers as his hooves rise
high into the wind; his mane

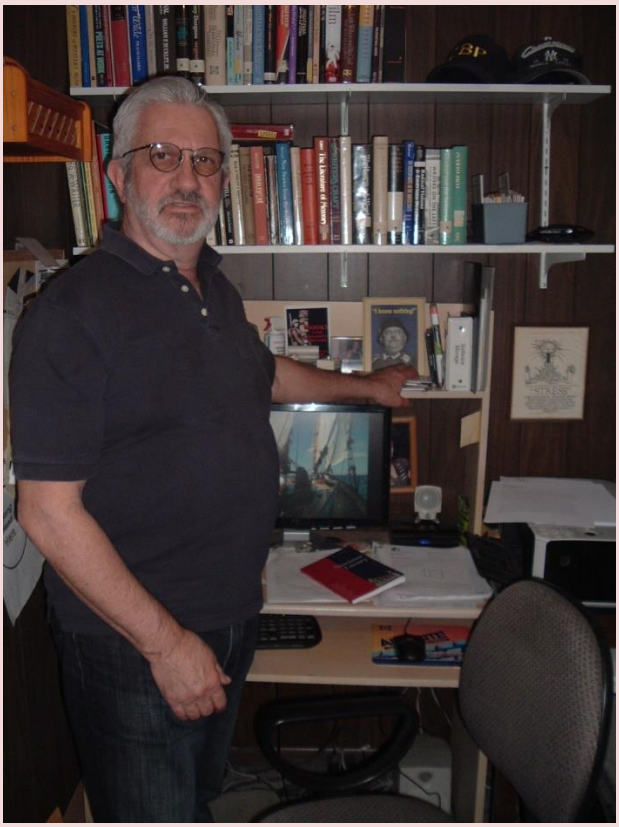
dances like black bunting, binding
through and around fiery hair;
his mouth frothing in fervor.

Locked in rapture, his rearing stance
reflecting their orgiastic
frenzy as god and mortal meld

while in the darkness behind them,

Hera hides and, meticulous

as ever, plots her revenge.



Bill Cushing: He continues writing and teaching in the Los Angeles area as well as busily trying to promote his recent book A Former Life while working on some new volumes. To that end, one of his latest activities is producing ekphrastic poetry, of which this month's entry is a sample. The “story” of this poem was inspired by Wladyslaw Podkowinski's 1893 painting titled "Frenzy."



.....AND THE SUMMER ENDS

Slowly but surely, the nature's palette changed

Cool waves had come to beat the scorching heat.

The susurration of the august wind ruffling the leaves

Dropped hints for the summer to retreat.

Emerald crown changed to fiery hue

Getting dismantled as the wind blew

Intricately Carpeting the floor in reds and yellows.

To take the place of water melons and mangoes.

Or wafting in the air reached distant shores.

Even in the fall their spirits soared.

Gathering her robe of scented jasmines

and a cuckoo perched on her shoulder, summer flies away.

The desolate trees get ready to be bare.

Ready to embrace the winter air.

With the summer warmth still in their gentle hearts

Wait for spring to follow soon.



Bilquis Fatima: She is an innate lover of nature and speaker for social issues, has allowed her feelings to be expressed as short writes and speeches from her college time. Although being a post-graduate in Chemistry, she has also mastered the skills of poetry appreciation and writing. Her poems reflecting the situations that are prevalent in the society, have been appreciated in some groups of poets and writers lately.



O DEAR DOVE

O dear dove!

Playing at your freedom best

At my desolate street,

On a rope,

Up and down,

Falling and fluttering...

The morning for you

Is clear crystal

But darksome as night, is my dawn

And blue is your sky

As you fly

Where clouds touch you...

Balancing my walk on a rope,

is life for me…

Full of worries and anxieties,

But seeing your freedom

I envy,

And

Your gleeful gestures,

Is a joy for my mind.

O dear dove ,

Messenger of peace for me

And for mankind too ....

Will you fly into the sky

Deep and deep

Into that vacant blue ..

Where to you,

My mind can't find...



Bishnu Charan Parida: He is a bilingual poet writing in English and Odia .He is from Jajpur Road, Odisha. An engineer by profession, he carries passion for poetry. His poems have been published in many anthologies and magazines of national and international repute. He has been honored in the state level Kalinga Nagar book festival 2015 in Odisha and at 11th Guntur International Poetry Festival 2018. He has been the world featured poet of Pentasi-B, China in 2019. Recently he has received the prestigious R. N. Tagore award from Xpress Publications, Kerala, India.



pic for the poem with permission of polish painter © Jolanta Zaniewska

DILEMMAS OF THE HEART

Each night I return to those green fields

To the fragrant linden trees, willows with the outstretched arms

I count, up there in the sky, storks arriving with the Spring

And in my mind, I circle around my grandmother's cottage

I listen to the brook babbling in the morning

And to grandfather's violin playing in the evening

I bring my entreaties to the roadside chapel,

To allow the pilgrim to return with a bowed head

Each night, I return from a distant land,

To where you can hear the wonders of Chopin's playing

To the fragrant fields of Mickiewicz's stanzas

'Dabrowski’s Mazurka* will remain in the heart

And our flag, once blood-soaked

Now flutters proudly in the sun under the blue sky

It will always be a reminder to wandering Poles

Of the reason, our Grandfathers sacrificed their lives

Note: "Mazurek Dąbrowskiego" (English: "Dąbrowski's Mazurka"), also known by its incipit, "Poland Is Not Yet Lost" ("Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła"), is the national anthem of Poland.



Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak: She was born in Opole, Poland. In 2004 in search of work migrated to Great Britain, where she lives. She published seven volumes of poetry; four in Polish and three in English. She also writes prose and released a novel and a few short story collections. Her work may be found in numerous worldwide anthologies and magazines. Winner of many poetry competitions. Proud holder of many diplomas, awards, and distinctions. Member of Union of Polish Writer's Abroad, Polish Authors' Association, and Association of American Poets. Her poetry was translated into English, French, Spanish, Swedish, Russian, Arabic, Telugu, Bengali, Norwegian, Albanian, Swahili, Philippine, Serbian.



THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

As the past meets the present,

I try to touch the horizon.

The agonies of a bygone era

Still etched fresh in memory.

Freedom is a blessing in disguise;

Interpreted vividly

Yet soulfully in solitude.

Perceptive eyes have matured,

Inimical notions won over,

Scaling new mountains.

Freedom is an ocean,

as calm or rough as it can be,

sailing within the ebbs and tides.

Wisdom has it to unwind

One from the grip of avarice

Lest it turns into an uncanny jeopardy.



Brindha Vinodh: I am basically a poet and a freelancer residing currently in the United States of America. A few of my poems have been published in national magazines in India.



The model in the pond photo is Savannah Crisante (my precious granddaughter)

CURIOUS INTERFACE

a young angel

stares into the water,

her eyes comb over

my mermaid tendrils,

and, as she inches forward,

skipping pebbles in the shine

of everything curious and untamed—

i can almost see the loveliness

of her little feet, wading,

ready to greet the blessing

of every lily-pad moment

that, together, we are meant

to spontaneously find.



Eliana Vanessa: I am a poetess, currently residing in New Orleans, USA. My poetry appears in two anthologies and various magazines. Recently, I participated in 100,000 Poets For Change as part of a worldwide endeavor to raise awareness of social and environmental issues through the art of poetry.



It is better to meet in dreams

than in person

at least we could speak the truth

heart to heart it could be

reality is strange

gravity unkind

freedom is a word nobody understands

nor practices

sky and earth never met never will

a single word can break the rhythm

flow

so much blood flows for no reason or rhyme

we were once hunters

hunters we remain

the prey is different

this world confuses

before the next breath

you feel life is a mystery.



Chandramohan Naidu: He is a retired bank employee, now a freelance writer and photographer based in Chennai, part of the poetry circle which meets first Wednesday of every month. He writes poems to be subsequently brought out into a collection.



BEREAVED

I cannot span the octaves of your pain,

Cannot sing the notes of your deep sorrow

Forgive the clichés falling down like rain,

Shop-worn words and gestures that we borrow.

What can we say? What can we do for you?

Some practical things, yes perhaps, and yet

You seem cut off from us, we can't pursue

Your path into grief mountained with regret.

Though we have had our own treks in waste-land

All must die- but death is particular

Loss is not general, we understand

That much, at least we might not salt your scar.

May I venture one consolation?

The unseen soul's assurance beyond sight

Though you may feel grind doubt's hesitation

Your loved one shines in uncreated light.

Against desert dust still lives its petals,

True all must die, but death's not all there is

Your love beyond all precious metals

Can spite the scythe of flesh: remember this.



Christopher Villiers: I am freelance writer in the United Kingdom, with a Master's degree in Theology, who writes about God, Love and the Universe, big things in little poems! You can see more of my poetry on my Facebook page.



Isa G. de Diego, Pic.

WOMAN' SHOES

Woman' shoes have a tradition

Of assuming to know

Which side one's bread

Is buttered.

This is unique

With Feminism, of course.

I suppose that Popes

Makes saints as fritters

Beccause dress

With woman' shoes.

And also

Women with shoes

Not are second to none.



Daniel de Culla: He is a writer, poet, and photographer. He is also a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He's moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain.



CLAWING AT THE GROUNDED MOON #54

a body surrenders to the crater those frozen last tides are flat tongues now are

dead languages are a blaring translation of our place in the universe



Darren C. Demaree: I am a poet residing in Columbus, Ohio, United States. I work as librarian. I have contributed to various anthologies. I am the author of ten poetry collections, most recently "Lady, You Shot Me" (December, 2018)



LOVE &…….

She is just too beautiful to take the eyes off. He is in the upper berth of the opposite row of hers, fiddling with the device that looks like a phone but doesn't work like one. Her mother is calling her Molly. Alam guesses she is no more than sixteen and traveling with her two younger brothers to Kanpur for the Diwali vacation. Alam wishes it could have been Agra, his own city, instead of Kanpur, but sadly you can't change fate. He also has siblings back home, three sisters and two brothers. Being twenty, he is the eldest, works in his father's cycle repairing shop, which hardly covers the needs of the family. But this year, he promised his Ammi that he will buy new clothes for all of them on Eid. This year Eid is just two days after Diwali.

The general boggy of the train is overloaded with passengers. It was hard to get reservation at this time, but Yakoob bhai always has his sources to get his work done. Alam was gazing at Molly. She was eating a packet of spiced puffed rice, and a loose forelock of hers was going in her mouth again and again, which she was dragging out, scratching besides the little opening of two soft little pink lips with the perfectly polished nail of her index finger. Alam felt an irresistible urge to kiss those lips hard with all the love pouring out of his heart; he realised he had just fallen in love for the first time in his life.

The train stopped with a sudden jerk at the Agra station. Alam climbed off the upper bunk and got off the train. He stood out the window until the train started moving, staring at Molly without blinking an eye. When the train moved, Molly looked at him and gifted a smile, the kind of smile the girls give you to let you know that I know you were checking me out and I enjoyed it too. Alam smiled, but the smile faded when the train left the station and went out of sight. He looked at the device in his hand which looked like a phone and remembered the little black suitcase which he had left in the upper berth of the train. Alam closed his eyes and pressed a button on the device; he could hear the train blowing up in the distance and now knew he could never see Molly in his life again.



Debjani Mukherjee: She is a MBA in applied management with a mind lay bared to soak up every occurrence around her and pour it down on paper. She is a sensitive soul to feel and understand the world and captivate it into her words.



AUGUST 2019 FOR WOMAN'S MONTH

Men may rant and rave,

Torture and slaughter,

Burn and pillage,

But in the end it is the wise ladies who give birth to the future. ❤



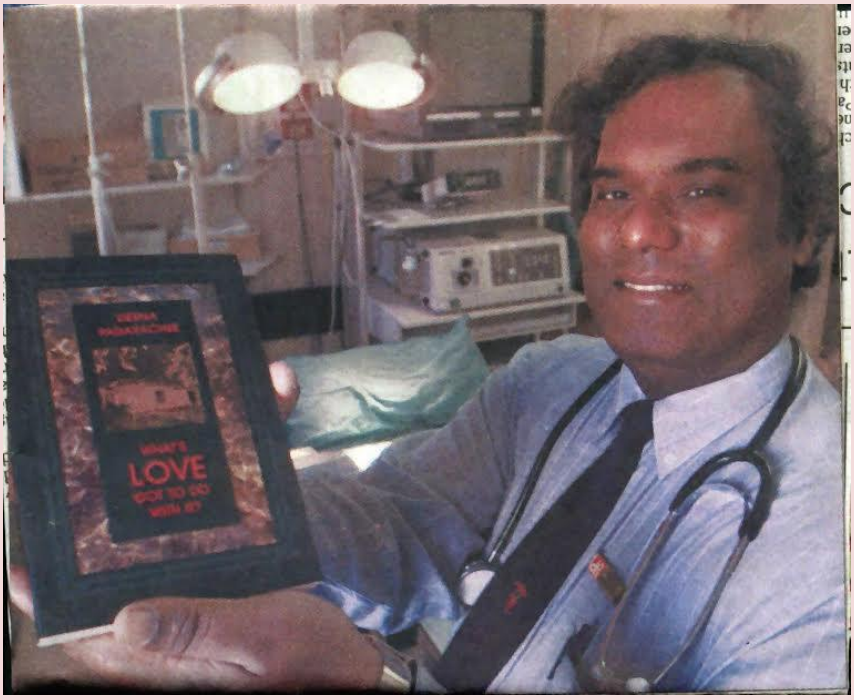
We're all born into a circumscribed social environment.

Parochialism, tunnel vision, racism and xenophobia is to be expected in a claustrophobic, asphyxiating environment where even the South African laws and customs were used to criminalise social cohesion and nation building.

Not many people have the maturity, intelligence, wisdom, sentience and insight to shatter the constricting social shackles and live a liberated life free of prejudice, racism and bigotry.

But for those few, life has so much more love and,

dare I say, joy. ❤



Deena Padayachee: He is a South African Author and Poet, residing in Durban. He works as a primary care physician. His writing has been included in various international and South African anthologies including the Readers' Digest's BEST SOUTH AFRICAN SHORT STORIES. Three of his books have been published. The English academy of Southern Africa awarded the author the Olive Schreiner prize for prose; The Congress of South African Writers has awarded the doctor the Nadine Gordimer prize for prose.



'SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE DAWN AND THE DUSK'

Through the ribs of her eclipsed sunflower,

the yellowed sun was born at the eleventh hour.

Wilting cloud and a wanting earth,

dawn revealed yet a promise scarred.

She secured the flowers in a casual dream,

and laid down her song with a broken seam.

In the thicket of his musky aftertaste,

the rickety waltz...once more redeemed.

Misquote her silence, she talks too much,

And stitch the rainbow, the twilight has smudged.

Waning hope and a waxing moon,

thawing on a weary humming bird, cursed.

Bail out the yesterday's mesh, bosom deep,

the fraying moments still summon the promises to keep.

The blood red moon ringing the cigarette smoke

Bring out your plush China, my unassuming wine is cheap.



Deepti Sharma: I am a poetess residing in Punjab, India, and work as a freelance writer. I have contributed to many online publications and have won few awards in online poetry challenges.



MONOLOGUE

As your eyes shed tears this pain of separation brings, my dear, try living with the man you once loved under one roof, and watch yourself wither away.

Go sleep on one side of the bed that once witnessed moments of passion, crazy and wild, and watch them fizzle away in wilderness.

Cry, for cry you must.

There is no other way to feel warmth in a cold night, but tears, generated from that searing pain your heart has been bearing for years.

And when you have come to terms with this thing that you've constantly been told is life, you find someone you think you've been forever waiting for.

And then guilt follows.

Life, I don't understand you even a little bit.

Am I a big failure, or you just failed bigtime?

It's okay, am well past forty, and now I give it all a damn.

I know the fine balance between love and the lust for love finally.

And I no longer care who loves me or loves me not.

Who cares for me or doesn't give me a thought.

Finally, I love myself.

For what I am.

I am me, my way, regardless of he, she, you, or anyone as a matter of fact.

And yeah.

I am happy.

I find a new reason to smile at myself before you, O mirror each day, despite the greys, the cellulite, and the sag.

Yes.

I am happy.



Deepti Singh: I am a Doctor in Community Medicine in State Government service and writing and music is my passion. I love to experiment and explore, and my favorites in this regard are nature and human behavior.



SHADOWS AND SHAPES OF THE SHADOWS

(1)

Then when the dusk fell,

And my mother lit the candles,

We used to begin to give shapes to the shadows,

That flickered around the walls.

Yet, on the outside,

On a dark night, when there was no moonlight,

And everything was either dark

Or in different shades of grey,

There were no shadows, only shadowy shapes.

Even the sun and the moon gave us shadows,

Those had the perfect shapes and never flicker,

Unless swayed by the forces of nature.

So we didn’t need to give any shape,

We took them as real, revealing the truth, nevertheless.

(2)

We are still giving shapes to the shadows,

The numerous shadows within our mind.

Because they flicker and change shapes often,

The unreal ones,

One of fear, one of hatred, one of anger,

One of jealousy, and many other.

But if we can step outside,

Under the light of the sun or the moon,

The shadows become still and real.

Even if it is a complete darkness,

We would see no shadows,

Only shadowy shapes which never flicker,

Unless the forces of nature move them.

Dark as they may be, but truth, nevertheless.



Dipankar Sarkar: Poetry is my passion, but I do not write regularly. Sometimes, words just flow out of nowhere and completely inundate me, force me to live an experience of writing. That's poetry for me. I work as the Chief Content Officer of iDreamCareer.com, India's largest career counselling organisation.



art by Jonel Scholtz

HER NAME WAS ELSIE

Another Haunting Night – A chilling charcoal night smothering any hint of illuminating

bright. I can hear the continuous crashing of thunderous explosive waves like horses

rushing to the winning post but then the hum of a soft foam rush – The bubbling echoing

of boisterous laughter. The wind, screechingly melodious like a phantom walking on

burning glass shards – The sounds bouncing deflecting spiralling in all directions,

unlocking my fading memories to resurface once again reminding me, gripping me.

In Memoriam – I can still clearly remember that ear-splitting moment like a dam break

when the merciless unforgiving sea swept her fragile body away. Gale force winds

shattering destroying small boats against the jetty. The tearing of wood smashing

against rocks, sending chilling vibrations to all who witnessed it – Then an unmistakable

raw outcry cutting through bone and marrow. Writhing painful moaning echoing from

seabed to heaven's door. On the bleak shore a stunned fishing community stands

helpless as her body mysteriously got trapped in a fish net – Now her sudden watery

grave. Unwillingly hugged by the deadly tide, her rose tinted existence chillingly over

whilst an accusatory seagull quarrelled ferociously from above – Then the shocking

revelation of an unborn child. Behind the wailing crowd a dubious figure hiding behind

their outcries – A stranger pulling his hat lower as he slips past frail emotions...

Elsie's people now her earthly borders. Emotions broken because Elsie will never again

joyfully sparkle. A life gone too soon underneath a darkening crescent moon.

It's Me, Elsie – Now and then I imagine hearing her final fading cries when the rain

viscously crash and clatter against my window – Then a soft wave murmur after

as if pleading, ' Please remember me as I float aimlessly in my unelected liquid grave

caused by a jealous stranger – My eyes like pearls glowing brightly in the darkest night

searching for those who loved me but no one answers me in this damned endless sea –

If I stay silent I will wither away – To become one with this aquatic hell I was shoved into

like a discarded fish with no substance or worth, left to rot and become bait for starved

predators ready to pounce and tear. I long for familiar shores, the breeze tucking –

Teasing me whispering secrets from eons ago but I will never again answer back or

smell the flowers or chase butterflies, so if you ever wonder what has happened to me –

I'm still here seeking wondering meandering – My name is Elsie...



Don Beukes: He is a bilingual South African British writer and the author of 'The Salamander Chronicles' (Creative Talents Unleashed) and 'Icarus Rising - Volume 1' (Alien Buddha Press). His poetry has been anthologized in numerous collections and translated into Afrikaans, French, Farsi and Albanian. He was nominated for the Pushcart Poetry Prize in 2016 and the Best of the Net in 2017 by Roxana Nastase, editor of Scarlet Leaf Review for his trilogy 'Esorfo Ygolirt/Trilogy of Rose'. His debut South African

publication is due in August 2018 in a unique anthology with three prominent South African poets.

Jonel Scholtz: She obtained a Baccalaureus Scientiae degree in Chemistry and Biochemistry from the University of Johannesburg in South Africa, in 1994. She started painting in 1988, while in high school, with Louise Goudemond, an American born artist, specializing in figurative work and oil portraits. In 2018 she was awarded an artist residency at Tamarin Art Centre in Mauritius. She went there for one month and expanded her artistic horizons and is now included as one of the exhibiting artists at the Tamarin Art Gallery curated by Leanda Brass, well-known UK sculptor.



Lo! the low accountant

dreams of snowy mountains

untracked by human feet—

streaming holy fountains—

long plains of zooming wheat—

gleaming gold-bright valleys;

dreams of bold knights' sallies

in strange and mythic fens.

(wakes); by cold lights, tallies

deficits with his pen.

Lo! the low accountant

dreams of snowy mountains
untracked by human feet—
streaming holy fountains—
long plains of zooming wheat—
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(wakes); by cold lights, tallies
deficits with his pen.



Duane Vorhees: He grew up in rural Ohio, fell in love, went to school, fell in love, stuck his toe on bits of four continents, fell in love, taught and learned various subjects, fell in love, grew chronologically and physically. Fell in love, fell in love fell in love. ‘Love's Autobiography’ is the first part of a longer meditation, ‘The Many Loves of Duane Vorhees’. It is based on a lifetime of observation, imagination, introspection, experience, and fantasy.



ROCK

translated by Artur Komoter

She flashed in your life

like a point from everyday life.

Why did you delude her?

You pretended to be a diamond,

when you're just a shard

that hurts.

You're not a diamond,

an amber,

not even a shard.

You're a rock!



Eliza Segiet: She graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. Author’s poem Questions won the title of the International Publication of the Year (2017) in Spillwords Press. Author's poem Sea of Mists won the title of the International Publication of the Year (2018) in Spillwords Press. Author's works can be found in anthologies and literary magazines worldwide.



DEAREST

Ask me, candied bride, whose eyes so bright

They send me messages of love, each night,

Am I the dignity you wish to invite,

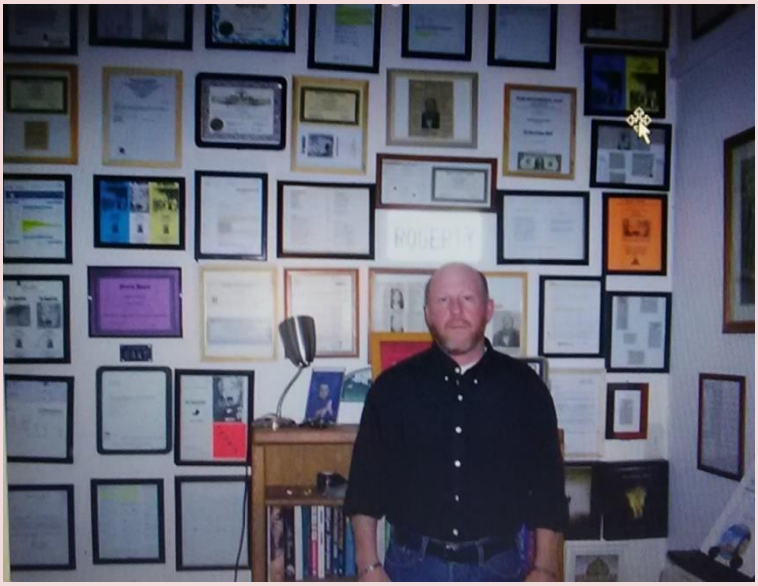
The man, the sublime taste for you?

Ask me, thorny queen, whose divine sleep

Calls me to dream so wretchedly deep,

Am I the prickly sight one would keep,

The man, the fairy tale you knew?



Ferris E Jones: He writes poetry and screenplays from his residence in Puyallup, Washington. His work has been published in Se La Vie Writers Journal, Write on Magazine, Outlaw Poetry, Degenerate Literature 17 and other literary periodicals. He is the recipient of two Grants from the Nevada Arts Council and published several collections of poetry, including To Burning Man, Oh the Path that Followed and As the Toad Sleeps. You can learn more about Ferris E. Jones by visiting www.inquisitionpoetry.com where each month he features the work of other poets.



On a cold winter night

Your poem

Keeps me warm

They come

They sympathize

Making it seem like

They empathize

They say loneliness is bad for the heart

And it is not the art

That your frail mind needs but a few people kind

Books are not people

They don't speak with you

They don't hear you

There's nothing that they do to take away your blues

I try to tell them

That all the kind people die before they are born

My books are way kinder than any living being

And all I need is the books

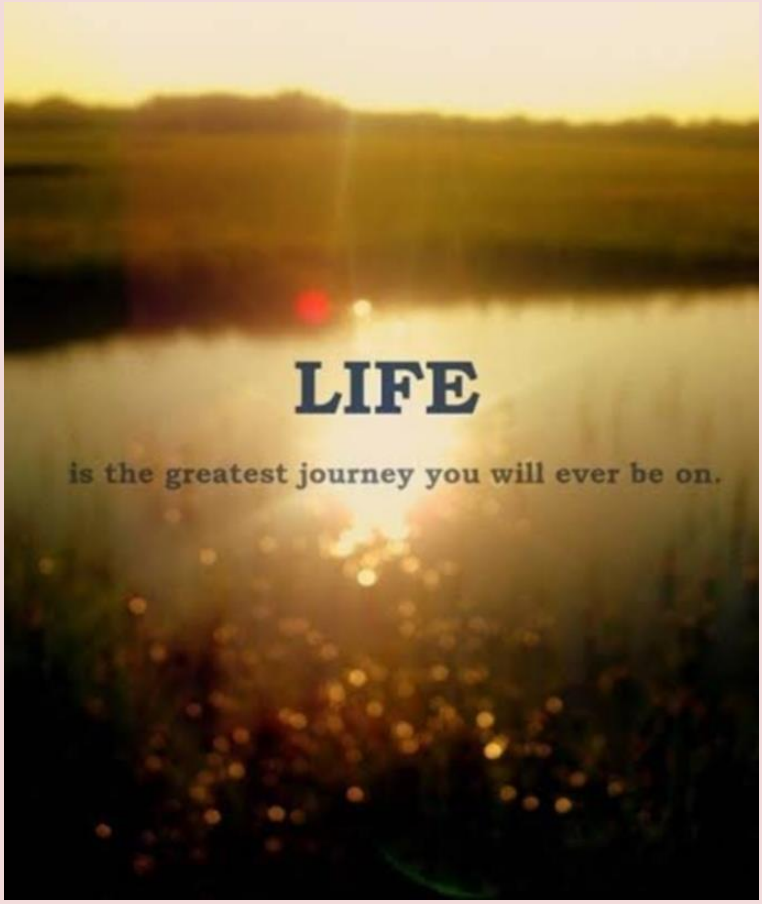
They shake their heads and walk away

Leaving your poem to keep me warm on a cold winter night

And I wouldn't have it any other way



Gauri Dixit: A software professional from Pune (India), Gauri writes English poetry. Her poems have been featured in multiple Indian and international anthologies. She is a regular contributor to many poetry pages and e-zines of repute such as Destiny Poets UK, Duane's Poetree, Glomag, Kubili Cafe, Learning & Creativity, Mind Creative, Spillwords and Stanzaic Stylings. She recently won the 'Reuel International Prize for the Most Promising Poet - 2018'. Her first poetry book 'In my skin, I find freedom' was recently released. She loves reading, photography and traveling.



LIFE

Life is a book

with strange

rhetorical pages

defining a fierce combat

of light and shade..

Somewhere..

sweet dreams

taking breath

Somewhere..

slaughter of hopes

Sometimes we sing

vibrant love songs

In moonlit nights

sometimes murmur

A pale death wish

In agony..

Somewhere blessings raise

Somewhere only a mirage..

We love, we hate

We cry, we sing

We lose, we gain

But more we live

The masquerade of life

goes on.....



Gayatree G. Lahon: Gayatree is a poet from the beautiful state of Assam. She is a teacher and a poet. She did her master's degree in English Literature from Gauhati University. Her poems reflect her love for nature and life. Her poems have been published in newspapers, magazines and anthologies. Poetry is a great solace for her.



They sit in a circle

Intent, focused, lazily

Playing their hands/cards

Heads covered

In the scorching heat

Of the mid-afternoon Sun.

Children play near the cot

Their oily faces shine

Smile through their unkempt hair

No school

No rules that bind

No worries, anxieties,

Or fancy toys.

A broom in hand

The gypsy mother is cleaning

Radiating peace

Her mobile home of rags.

Is she weaving silken dreams

Her destiny

Free of hopes?!



Geeta Varma: She has been a teacher for thirty years and a freelance journalist. She is now an Educational Consultant and writes for Deccan Herald. She enjoys working with children and has conducted many creative workshops. Her interests include music, reading, writing (poems and stories for children) and travelling.



MY POETRY ON THE HORIZON

Words have become rocks in my backyard,

Stupefied and stoned like my thoughts that conceived them,

I've cast them away, heavy with the gravity,

As this earth wants to bury them, swallow them, obliterate them,

But you see, they are words, mute, tone deaf and numb,

So they remain where I flung them with my poetry,

Inert, lifeless, solid, yet hollow,

Across a far away illusory line called The Horizon.

Moss shining fluorescent in daylight where lurk my thoughts spawned in truth,

Dark and velvety in moonlight hiding secrets not few,

Yet they are my thoughts and words strewn over life, pollinating in my soul's horizon,

Stark, naked and true,

In a field where I can just be with you.



Geethanjali Dilip: I am a poet residing in Salem, India. I work as French Teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published two poetry anthologies. I am the recipient of the Reuel International Poetry Award 2017.



WHAT IS IT I SEEK?

therapist i do not need

'cause i introspect

and i introspect this constant need

to get high

to walk into a mall and splurge on clothes

when there's a wardrobe full

to eat processed or stale food at a restaurant

when i could cook fresh food at home

for half the price

the need to party

the need to run out of the house

or search the refrigerator for what's not there.

what is it i'm seeking?

what's the high?

i look around and know i chose

to be by myself, a deliberate choice

but i look around and see the choice i made

and it takes more and more to get my dopamine levels going

and having successfully shunned family and friends and love

i now seek a high that does not exist.



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet and writer currently residing in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. She is the Editor and Publisher of the Monthly Online Prose and Poetry magazine, 'GloMag' and is the administrator of the group of the same name on Facebook.



THE HAND OF FATE

two souls opened up with no holds barred

two hearts melted into one

as if the god's decreed our fate

long before i saw your face

just conversations on the telephone

is that going to be our fate

without me lifting the veil

to reveal your face.

I heard your voice

as sweet as the blue bird sings

we spoke about so many things

about life and dreams

about sorrow and pain

about joy and hope

about all the things life can bring

there were stories that made us laugh

and sometimes made our hearts cry

and through it all we never lost

the hope to live

we promised each other that we will rendezvous

we will set the clock fast forward

and not let time steal our fate

we will be the masters of our own destiny

you and i will control the hands of time

although i have not caught a glimpse of your face

or seen the stars shine in your eyes

through your voice

i have seen your beauty shine

like moon beans brightening

up the evening skies

every time i talk to you on the phone

my imagination sees the face of the other half of my soul.

fate works in mysterious ways

plays tricks to confuse

the night from the day

we have to be strong with hope

and defy the hand of fate

and let us not put life on hold

and even if the odds are stacked against us

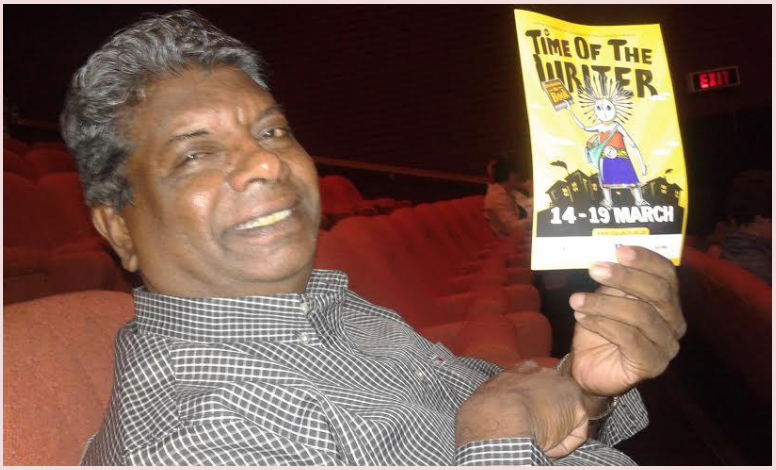
we can dare the hand of fate.

something greater than fate

awaits us at eternity's door.

it must be love sweet love

that pledges bliss until the end of infinity



Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny: He is an Indian born, and brought up in South Africa. He has been fascinated by, and writing poetry since his early boyhood. He has performed his poetry at various forums, including the Poetry Africa Festival, the Mauritian Writers' Association, and Glorioustimes, India. He is the Convenor of the Live Poets Society, Durban, South Africa.



BLISSFUL

Mornings fan out like petals with

flowers blossoming in the middle

Skinny trees shading leaves

With silence that still echoes,

Dewdrops and tiny insects

Looking on our own images,

Fragile as egg shell

The clouds sailing past,

A faint breathy whisper

Stepping into the meditation,

Reborn by taking its secret fire

from the last night’s stars,

Surrender to the indefinite,

Feeling is entirely blissful.



Gopal Lahiri: I am a bilingual poet, writer, critic and translator residing in Kolkata. I have contributed to various anthologies and have also published nine volumes of poetry in English and seven volumes in Bengali. In addition, I have also jointly edited one anthology of poems in English and also have one translation work of short stories of Israel, translated by me from English to Bengali.



SUFFERINGS

Original : Assamese : Guna Moran

Translation : Bibekananda Choudhury

The sorrow I am suffering in

That sorrow is not mine

It is just a part

of the sorrow

carried by living nature

since time immemorial

I have called stumbling as sorrow

Laughter as happiness

What is my sorrow

What is my joy

Without knowing its character

I christened joy-sorrow



Guna Moran: He is an Assamese poet and critic. His poems are being translated into Italian and France language and have been published in various national and international magazines, journals, websites, newspapers such as The Tuck magazine, Spillword, The Merak magazine, The Setu magazine, Story Mirror, The Poem Hunter, The Sentinal, The Hills Times, Best Poetry and so on.



https://picjumbo.com/free-photos/freedom/

TRUE FREEDOM

What is freedom?

Freedom to live your life,

As you like ---To think, act,

Speak and express freely.

Freedom from fear, controls,

Oppression and slavery.

It's not just a right, it comes

With duties and responsibilities.

Should not infringe on others

Space --sentiments, feelings, rights.

Freedom should be within

Boundaries, limitations of

Self, society and humanity.

Empowering is hard earned freedom.

In life nothing is free.

Everything comes with a cost,

Sacrifice and commitment.

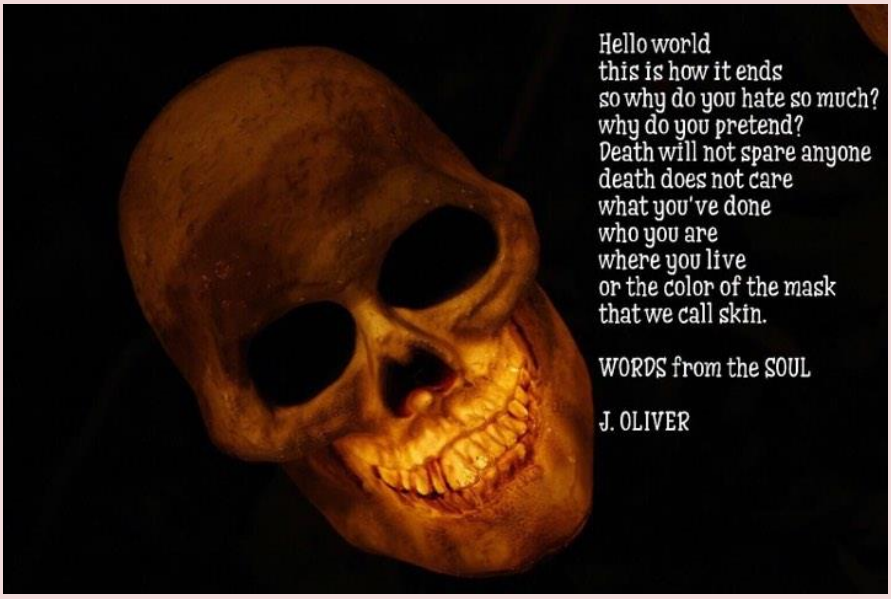
True freedom should give

Joy and happiness,

To self, society and humanity.



Jagadish Prasad: I am writer residing in Chennai, Tamilnadu, India. I am an HR and Media consultant/Resource Person and also a partner in an HR/Talent Resources consultancy company. I have contributed poems to the annual magazine of Chennai poets circle, Chennai. I have also contributed prose and poetry to the in-house magazine of IOB (Iobian).


Hello world
this is how it ends
so why do you hate so much?
why do you pretend?
Death will not spare anyone
death does not care
what you've done
who you are
where you live
or the color of the mask
that we call skin.
WORDS from the SOUL
J. OLIVER

WORDS FROM THE SOUL

Hello world

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so why do you hate so much?

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Death will not spare anyone

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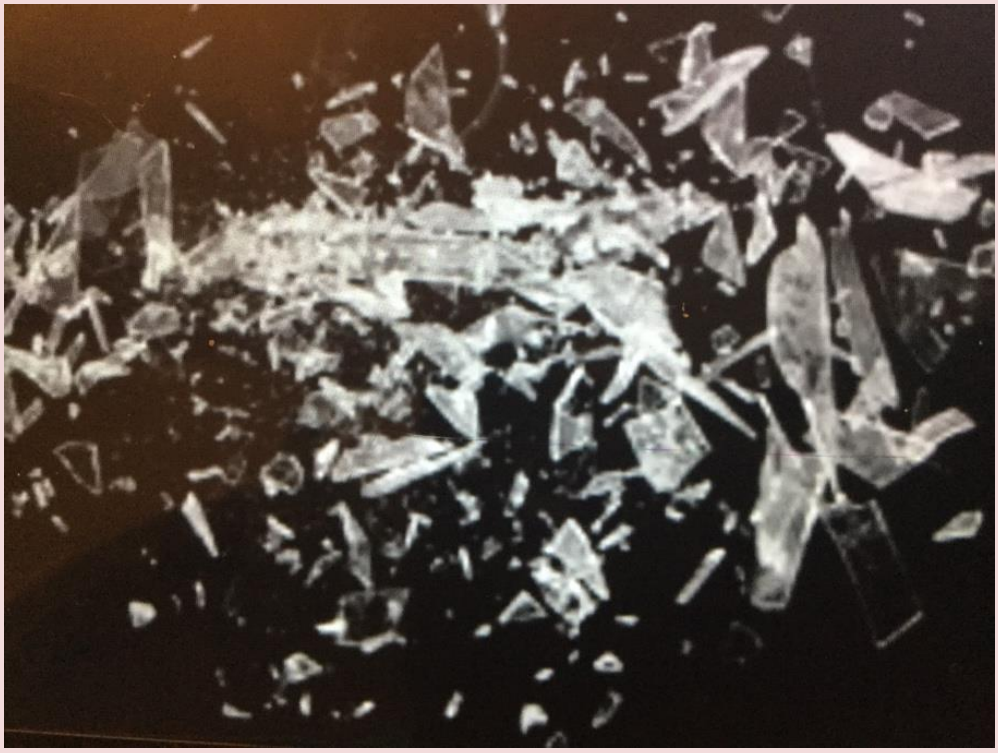
where you live

or the color of the mask

that we call skin.



Jeffrey Oliver: I am a poet/lyricist, currently living in upstate New York. I have been writing for 20 years, I write my heart, soul and emotions and will never give up on this crazy dream of mine. I have been told that I have a captivating style when my work is registered in the minds of many. I am also a family man, I have a wonderful wife, who is my inspiration, as well as 7 beautiful children. Welcome to my mind.



DEPRESSION

Broken glass

shards

cutting me

over and over

when I walk



Jennifer Carr: She is a poet residing in Santa Fe, United States. For the last two years, she has worked as an EMT and Firefighter. Her poems have gotten published in more than 10 anthologies. Her Haiku has been published in print and in online publications throughout the world. She flies by her own wings and looks for any opportunity to soar to new heights.



AUGUST

Today I saw the eyes of the crowd.

So many eyes...almond eyes, china
cup eyes, eyes half closed, crooked
eyes, eyes big shining silver
dollars, snake eyes. Eyes laughing,
marble eyes, bedroom eyes, eyes a-boggle.
Eyes chocolate brown, green apple eyes,
eyes smoke blue. Eyes on the ground,
staring-straight-ahead eyes, eyes
pinned on the sky.

I saw the eyes of the crowd

today for only a moment.

Then I don't know why,

I had to shut my eyes.



Joan McNerney: Her poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines and anthologies. She has four Best of the Net nominations.



MY TRYST WITH SQUIRREL

I watched the spry squirrel

scamper away hearing

my footfall; Its ear turned

to even slight dissonance of

sound and it rushed to guard

its nest; a fretful companion,

content to feed its

squealing offsprings, also

hearkening to my short fuse.

Its energy was unfailing;

it would sweep to the

terrace to grab any morsel
It could feed; the red stripes
on its back, caressed by a mythical
Lord kept egging it on
perhaps; It knew when
the windows would
drop down at night to squeeze
inside for a nap in its niche;
Its squealing heralded
the dawn of dawn too.
Nudging me to open
the window to the trove
of morning breeze flowing in;
And it would rush out.

Wonder what is its missive?

“Wake up Man, it’s time.”



K.s.Subramanian: I am a poet and short story writer living in Chennai. I have published two volumes of verse through Writers Workshop, Kolkata. I have nine published short stories and also poems in several anthologies. "Dreams" got the Asian Age prize.



www.pexel.com

LIFE'S TRACE

Someone whispered my name!

The tone a low, but gentle voice.

It said, "search out your path,

your course, your destination and

seek a walkway to your dreams."

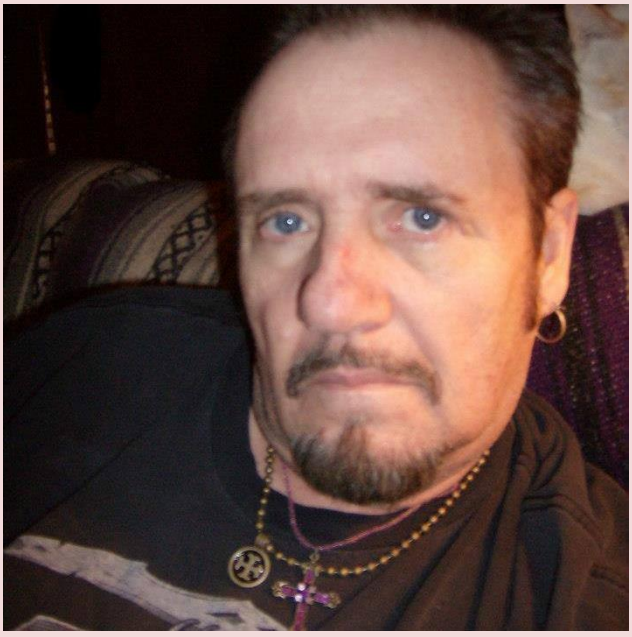
We learn during our lives that the

important thing is not the arrival

at your destination, but it's to

enjoy the experience of travel on long

and winding roads from here to there.
The nights and days, winds and tropical
bays; lush green valleys and the snow
covered peaks of the tall mountain tops;
Pathways trodden or where sails or wings
have taken you. Whether your course be
green, blue or white, it's a path that
connects our entire planet. Your trails
are made of freedoms won and lost,
nature exploring and so ever changing,
bonds of friendships come and gone
and the idyllic binding of hearts afire.
Our pathway follows upon life's trace.



Ken Allan Dronsfield: I am a Poet and I reside in Seminole USA. I am disabled and write full-time. I have contributed and have been a co-editor for various anthologies. I have two published poetry collections.



FACEMIRROR

If it’s Father's Day

It's my pic with my child

If it's Mother's Day

It's my daughter with her mother

If it's Teacher's Day

It's me with my student

If it's Martyr's Day

It's me in a borrowed uniform

Or in a cap, hand raised in salute

Do we have a Pizza Pie Day

Let me pose with a pizza

World Poetry Day?

That's me with my poem

I have it ready for Women's Day

My pic with the Ladies Prayer Group

A pic of me smoking an expensive cigarette

To cock a snook at No Tobacco Day

You'd find me hugging a tree

On World Environment Day

It's a video on National Science Day

Me telling you science is limited

It's religion that has all answers

The Day of Silence on 03 January

That's ideal for my yoga picture

There's another yoga pic of mine

For International Yoga Day

On Women's Equality Day

I will allow my wife to post my pic

Because she's my equal on this day

You're mistaken

I'm actually a modest person

I don't post my pics on every Day

Especially if it's All Fools Day

Or Marriage Equality Day



Kerala Varma: He hails from Chirakkal (Kannur). He is a former Deputy General Manager of State Bank of India and lives in Chennai with his wife Chitra. He is an amateur writer, who believes in “simple living, simple thinking”, welcoming enrichers of life like love, humour, long walk, the river, sea, mountain, books, music and Internet and avoiding complicaters of life like greed, anger, ambition, sentimentalism, sexism, god, rituals, religion and superstitions.

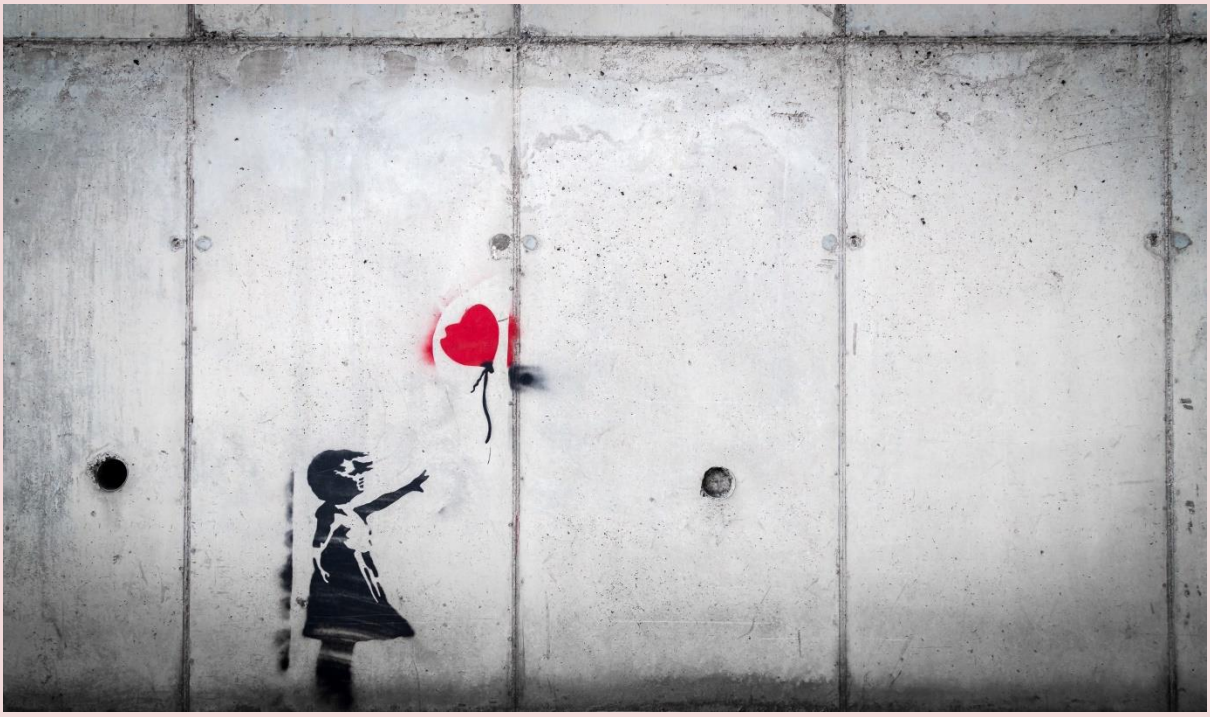


Photo by Karim MANJRA on Unsplash

JOYFUL MOMENTS

What if

Silence reigns my world?

Emptiness has fell on it?

What if

I feel the thorns of life

deepening the wounds to bleed?

What if

You keep me wait,

sighing at the door

Closed for ever by the fate?

What if

I hear you sing

unheard melodies for all?

What if

I see you dancing in rain

While tears drench me?

I was once a queen

In a kingdom of eternal bliss

A heart pure as snow,

though not mine,

Kept me covered safe

In a bower of love,

where you played tunes

Cooling my soul.

I still can wait

till waiting lasts

for I have memories

Of a heaven you gave.



Leena Pradeep: I am working as a teacher in a Government school in Thrissur district, Kerala. Teaching and writing poetry, I believe, keep me alive. My poetry is the reflection of my inner self.



THE ART OF THE ROAD MAP

The art of being alive,

using the paint and pencil of emotions

to create signs and symbols

that broaden the mind, ease the breath, and create beauty.

Becoming a pleasant driver and a thriving artist,

across the broad expanse.

Winding lands,

urban, rural, bucolic,

intersected places where dreams and realities merge.

Each turn is beautiful.

Tears and laughter both drive me home.

No shapes obscured,

all contours connected.

No colors nebulous,

reds, blues, yellows definite, distinct.

This road map quite clear.

The final destination of my travels.

drawn in steps across the easels

of my heart and soul

to improve my life.



Linda Imbler: Kansas-based Linda Imbler believes poetry has the potential to add to the beauty of the world. She has three self-published poetry collections and two poetry collections published by Soma Publishing. Examples of Linda's poetry and a listing of publications can be found at lindaspoetryblog.blogspot.com. She has recently done a poetry reading for The Red Hat Society, reading from her newest book "Red Is The Sunrise."



RAIN, YOU ARE STRANGE

1.

Really, dear Rain you are strange

Your varying tint wash down pain

Your refreshing colour rejuvenates many brain

Your stimulating droplets evokes

Your palpable touch invokes

parched lips of followers converse

thoughts magnify to form verse

skilled artist fills canvas with grand brush

Musicians sing songs of crush.

2.

Hot flush from the Earth’s crust

Provide pain, yet you refrain

To come to our terrain

With your spectacular splash

With your curative wash

With your visionary daub

I am ready with the paper boats

To sail those in your flush

If the sky will delay your presence

The colour of paper boats may lose its paint

Peacock will forget to dance

Peahen will not accompany him for rain performance.



Lopamudra Mishra: She, a native of Puri, is now residing in Bhubaneswar, Orissa. She completed her graduation (English Hons) from Sailabala Women's college Cuttack and postgraduation (English) from Ravenshaw University, Cuttack. Her fascination for writing came from her grandfather and father from an early age. Writing for her is the powerful medium of expression. Her poems have been published in many magazines and anthologies. Her books "Rhyme Of Rain", "First Rain", "Tingling Parables", and "Rivulet Of Emotions" have also been published.



……LIFE…..

Some beautiful moments.

Some incredible thoughts.

Some precious instances.

Some painful mishaps.

Some intense emotions felt.

Some deep feelings denied.

Some loneliness.

Some togetherness.

Some unwillingness.

Some eagerness.

Some desires fulfilled.

Some dreams shattered.

Some strength renewed.

Some failure experienced.

Some pains.

Some gains.

.....and the saga continues



Madhu Jaiswal: She is a bilingual poet born and based in Kolkata. Writing is a passion for this homemaker. Her write-ups are published in various national and international anthologies and e-zines.



WHEN I MET YOU…

when i met you

that very first day

the yellowed

crumpled and torn

uninteresting

open envelope

in your hand,

you turned it around

shook it

nothing came out

it was empty

you saw nothing

you threw it

down on the ground

as i lay there

on the cold barren ground

you felt me

you thought it was me

you stopped

and bent down

to pick it up

you stopped again

deep in your thoughts

you touched me

but left me there

there on the cold barren ground

i met you

for the last time



Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar: She is a bilingual writer (writing both in Hindi and English). A poetess, blogger, lifeskills counsellor, healer, she is also a social commentator and works with women and children. She is the author of "THE NIGHT JASMINE AND OTHER LOVE POEMS". She is the winner of ICON OF THE YEAR-LIFESKILLS COUNSELLOR 2015-2016, CREATIVE WRITER OF THE YEAR 2016, and Indian Women Achievers Award 2016 for Creative Writing.



INVADED

The poet's response to a case of child abuse she happened to see closely.

No no no

I could not say

Dirty hands touched

My heart beat raced

Cold struck my spine

My voice got chocked

My mind confused

I felt invaded

All alone cried

In pain, in shame

For a thing I couldn't understand!

My world convulsed
I sought the shades
Couldn’t bear the light
To show my face
Was told… be mum
Speak not the act
Which made me itself
The cause of my pain, my shame!

I lost my laughter
Will to eat
Ice cream, chips and mayonnaise
Nothing seemed to excite me
Darkness seemed to engulf me!

My mama papa asked and cried
No no no
I could not speak
How could I say
What he had done

How dirty I felt

I puked and thumped

With downcast eyes

I silently slumped.

A sweet doc became my friend

Played with me and talked of me

She seemed to know and understand

My eyes welled up

My heart beat soft

My hands cold in warm wrap

My feeble voice did find words

To speak my pain, my shame

Which though sad was his not mine!



Madhu Sriwastav: She is an Assistant Professor in English based in Kolkata. She has written and published her poems and short stories in National and International Journals like Setu, Glomag, Daath Shradanjali. She has translated and published short stories from Bengali and Hindi into English. She has written and published several academic papers. She also takes part in poetry and storytelling performances.



RUNNING POETRY

The ground under my feet is running faster than my thoughts.

Each step forward is only taking me a step behind.

Every second was fast forwarded and the world is resounding with the racy, noisy ticking of thousands of clocks.

My palms were too small to cover my aching ears.

I tried to protest, but every time I speak, only my lips are moving.

My voice is muted

That's when I realized the reason behind the drudgery in just a simple walk down the lane.

The round earth turned into a narrow rimmed treadmill

It became ruthless, hot and extremely crowded

Which means,

We are all perpetually put on a test

Preparing for a test

Giving a test

Failing a test

Giving a test

Failing a test

Preparing for a test

Preparing for a test

Failing a test

Giving a test

The minimum space between me and the people running in front and behind me is two feet apart

There is no time to look at others faces.

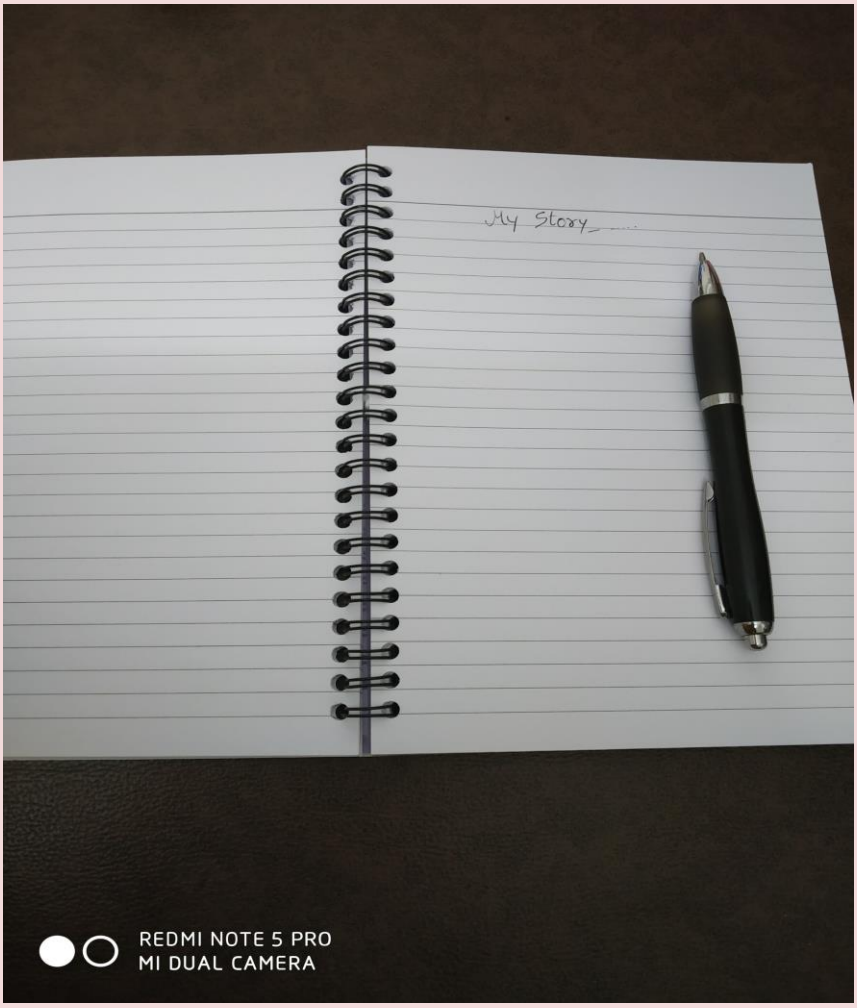
I have no memory of the fellow humans.

And if anyone slips and falls into the black void of a space, that has no ending nor beginning,

there will be no mourning, no funeral.



Mahitha Kasireddi: I am from Hyderabad. I am a published poet in different anthologies. I write regularly on my instagram id @mahithakasireddipoetry



EACH ONE'S STORY

There was a heart sullen and grim,

Deserted by kith and kin!

Envying the neighbours around,

Loved, cared whom people surround!

Through shed tears, without peers,

Broke through the merciless land,

He was a self-made man!

Watching him, the neighbour sighs and moans,

His Path paved and dreams of own!

Hers is a decided life, sketched by loved ones!

Expectations bagful, directed she trots, keeping mum!

The love he yearns suffocates her soul,

The lone ground he holds, makes her whole!

Dipped in different inks, they write their stories some linked, some intercepting some of their own!



Mansi Sharma: She is a passionate writer, who sowed seeds and watered the plants of writing while basking in the warmth of motherhood! A former Officer in a govt. Organizational with a degree in Management and a literary heart, is now taking baby steps just like her baby, towards writing!



https://qz.com/406912/deconstructing-the-final-scene-of-mad-men-what-does-it-all-mean/

FAR OFF RUMBLES

I hear the far off rumbles,

Words half-formed, feelings yet unborn --

What keeps me glued clueless but taut,

Is the unmistakable aroma of your soul.



Late **Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi:** Max was a multilingual writer, poet who liked a wide variety of formats – whose life was full of oxymoronic shades, a polymath who went from being a specialist to a generalist to a versatilist. Mentoring by being a catalyst enthralled him, he wrote on serendipity and intuition, conducted workshops on a range of subjects and topics. He was a very friendly Santa Claus.



BLIND SAGACITY

The horrifying truth that shatters every heart

ceasing the harmony amongst the mass.

Why the word 'discrimination' haunts?

Still, race, religion, gender creates torrent

and flaunts?

Gender discrimination pours the life

out of the cocoon.

And makes it more viable for the

people to hamper and forlorn.

In a higgledy-piggledy way,

it shatters the hope and emotions

and snatches it away from the ever deeming gesticulation

the power of oneness and gratification.

It shatters every hope, still I hope

it vanishes the mere existence, still i exist

it tampers with the emotions, still I feel

it ponders upon the sway of rivalry, still I love.



Mehak Gupta Grover: She is the author of three books - THE HUMANE QUEST (volume-1, 2 & 3), published by Authorspress, New Delhi. It is a QUEST for HUMANITY. She has been bestowed with '100 Inspiring Authors of India' award in kolkata. She has also been honoured with the 'Women Of Influence 2019' award presented on Women's Day in New Delhi. Along with her books, her work has been published in various anthologies and she is recipient of various other prizes in poetry competitions as well.

(mehakgrover@amartex.com)



https://pngtree.com/freepng/skull-shoulders-girlfriends-back-cartoon-character_4045678.html

MY SWEET ANGEL

When I was lonely and depressed

Feeling much rejected

When no one else was there

You were there by my side

To wipe my tears

You were there to console me

When there was no one would listen to

Or there to understand me

You gave so much of your time

If you weren't there for me

Throughout life's hurdles

To share my dreams

To care for me

Be kind to me

With a heart full of love

I wouldn't be here writing this

Words aren't enough to tell you

How much you mean to me

A big thanks to you

My dearest Sharu

For being there

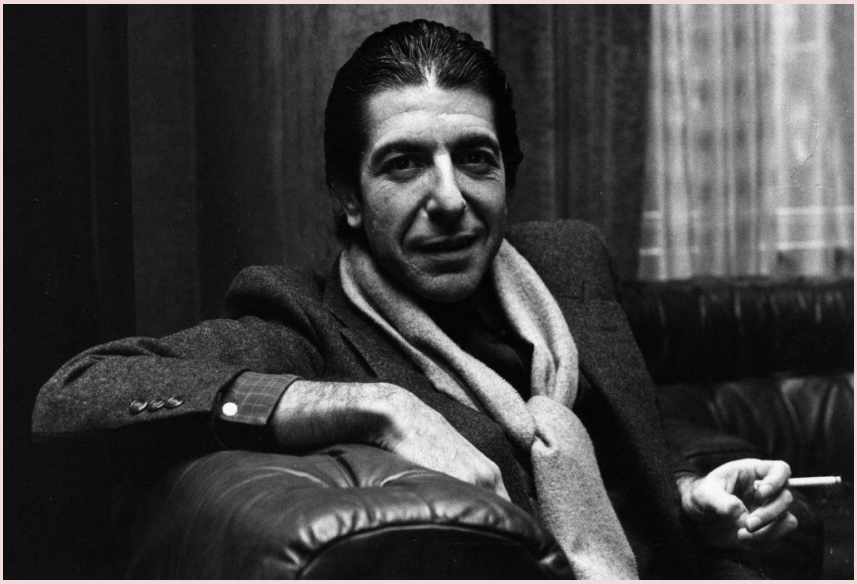
For strengthening

The bonds of friendship

And a blessing in my life



Merlyn Alexander: I'm a poetess residing in Nagercoil, India. I'm a housewife. My passion includes writing, cooking, and painting. I have contributed to many anthologies. I have published six books in Haiku Poetry. I'm currently waiting for my first anthology of English poems to be published soon.



UNKNOWN POET FROM RUE MONTPELIER

I warned you darts with advice

strong words tripping over emotions

like an imbecile-

so you think you're Leonard Cohen

loving some naked Nancy in a cluttered

matchbox apartment overlooking

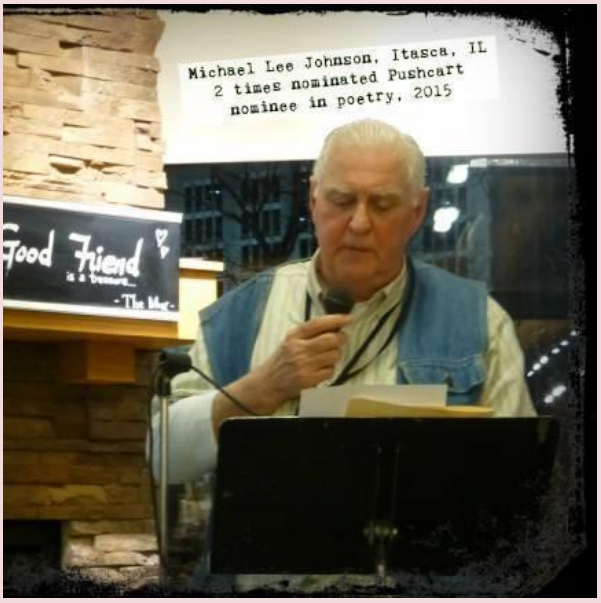
European culture simulated,

above some obscure narrow

Montreal street?

For your information,
straight poetics from insanities Almanac,
Leonard Cohen died years ago
in a twisted pickle poem he
entitled “Narcissism.”

Do you and your welfare lover
desire to be the 2nd generation,
deceased, unnoticed, unheard of,
unwarranted for failure artists
inside this thin, onion-skinned wall
dingy with your dreams?
I warned you darts with advice,
tapering off with your impotence.



Michael Lee Johnson: He is a Canadian and USA citizen. Today he is a poet, editor, publisher, freelance writer, amateur photographer, small business owner in Itasca, Illinois. He has been published in various anthologies. He is the author of two books, and several chapbooks. He also has over 134 poetry videos on YouTube as of 2015: He was nominated for 2 Pushcart Prize awards for poetry 2015 & Best of the Net 2016.



GLASS WOMAN'S HOUSE

The glass woman,

seen whole only in reflections of others,

there in her glass house of shrinking windows

and growing shoulds,

a stone's throw away from being revealed.

Shines in her sorrows,

shimmers in her fears,

shakes in her solitude.

Throw that stone, boy,

hurl the brick,

but aim away from the glass woman.

Hit her sorrows and fears,

strike the solitude and break
those panes of should;

take up a mallet and ruin her house of oughts and wishes.

Let her shimmer in the light shining
from strength she never knew she had.
Then help her build a new house that's not so fragile.



Mike Griffith: He began writing poetry after a disability-causing accident. His chapbooks Bloodline (The Blue Nib Imprint) and Exposed (Soma Publishing and Hidden Constellation Press) were released in November 2018. Mike was nominated for the Pushcart Prize for poetry in October 2018. He lives in Hillsborough, NJ and teaches at Raritan Valley Community College. He is Poetry Editor (USA & Canada) for The Blue Nib.

https://twitter.com/AuthorMGriffith

https://michaelgriffithwordpress.wordpress.com



THE BALLAD OF THE SEA

Seas have their own beauty

They make our earth blue

They make water for satiety

And make voyagers true,

Heard you've been to seas

For seven years you spent

You gathered how the breeze

Carried flowers and their scent,

There you've sung full throat

Several as they are found

Cyprus, Corfu, Lanzarote,

They all gave you colors profound,

And when you from there returned

You put your mind and soul to canvas

On it You created Godly hues that turned

A Beautiful World Humane and Vast.



Moinak Dutta: I am a poet/novelist residing in Kolkata, India. I work as teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published two novels.



https://all-free-download.com/free-vector/workers.html

THE JOY GIVERS

When a car is made,

It is given a good lot of shine.

So that, in future,

Someone can say it’s mine.

(There are the ones who,

Make us happy,

And care and share.

When you step out,

In sadness and loneliness

Think of the joy givers,

Spreading the happy trail.)

They work so hard,

To make the engines run.

Make it a unique piece,

Make it as if it were their fun.

(There are the ones,

Whose single smile,

Lightens up a thousand faces.

When you step out,

In dullness and depression.

Think of the joy givers,

Spreading the happy trail.)

Finally , the engine is running

With all its grandeur,

Proud to put its first steps,

On this huge wonderland.

(We must thank those,

Whose little effort keeps us,

Going through thick and thin.

When you step out,

In happiness and success.

Think of the joy givers, spreading the happy trail.)



Nakshata Agarwal: She is a budding writer studying in class 10. Her hobbies are singing and cooking.



THE GIRL CHILD (2)

Yes, she is just a child

Left; she grows wild,

Nurtured; she becomes great

Though with much sweat,

Maltreated; she gets shrunk

Unguarded; she gets sunk,

This is the time to act

Let us make a huge impact.

Today, she is zero

Sure, she must be a hero,

Guide her through teen

Help her become Queen,

Give her the instruction

And avert her destruction,

Otherwise we all shall regret

If we lose this golden target.

Pick her from the garbage

And stand her on the stage,

Teach her to read and write

And make her; attraction site,

Take her to her Creator

He will make her an author,

Help her with breakfast

Encourage her to be steadfast.

THE GIRL CHILD CAN CHANGE THE WORLD

YES SHE CAN!



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha: I am a poet/writer/thinker residing in Nigeria. I currently enjoy my work as a writer; I have contributed to over forty international anthologies. I have also published three poetry books and co-authored one, and published over two hundred and fifty poems/articles in over twenty countries. Some of my pieces have been translated and published in different languages too.



Photo courtesy: Kritika Srivastava and Pradipta Mandal

METAMORPHOSIS

The land was lush and green.

Inhabited

By innocent animals

Who roamed

Freely

Happily

Merrily.

Nature was happy

Bounty

Lustrous

Chirping joyfully always.

From nowhere,

Ferocity crept in.

It pounced around

Lambasting

Torturing

Destroying.

Nature shrivelled;

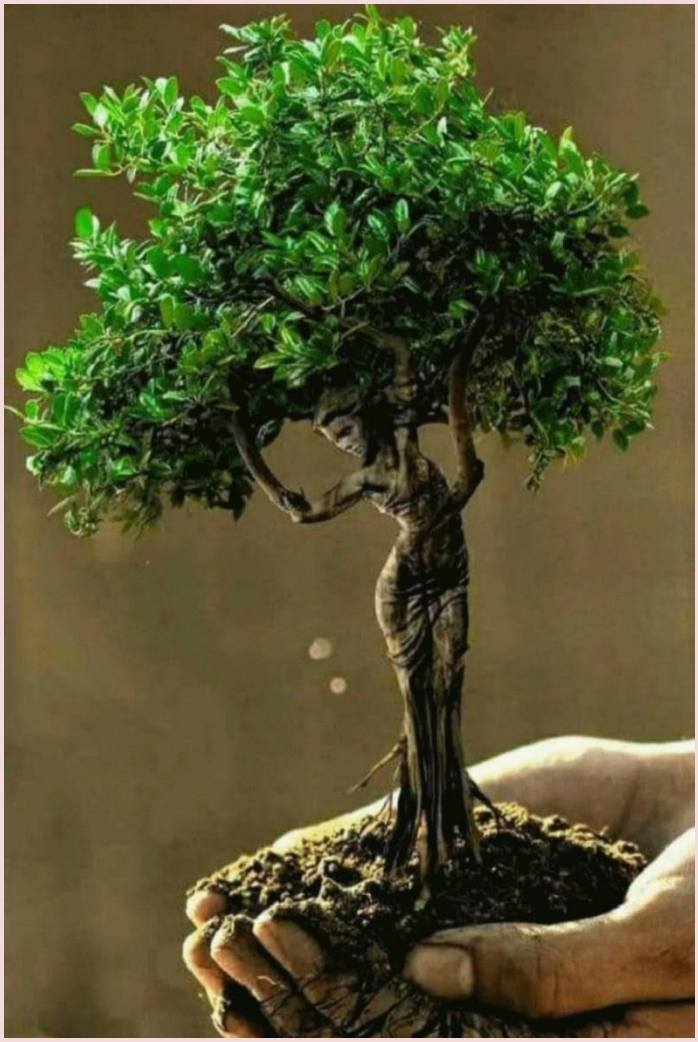
The earth quaked

And then scorching heat

Enveloped it.



Nilanjana Dey: A story-teller at heart, Nilanjana Dey likes to experiment with fiction and poetry. An alumnus of English Literature from Jadavpur University (Kolkata), she is a marketing and communication professional based in Mumbai. She also volunteers with a Mumbai-based NGO working with the marginalized sections of the society.



SCULPTRESS!

Rooted,

In a thousand years of fervid protestation,

a soul begs

freedom to breath liberty and life,

sculpted an epoch of withered hopes,

the engraving of verses,

that talks of solitary confinement!

The jeremiad had been written!

enduring all fooleries,

I was drying,

A thick patina of grudges,

draped around thoughts for ages,

And then,

The idiocy of decimator!

I was decaying; succumb to despair.

Amidst plethora of hate,

going on sculpting a desire;

I wander,

like a wounded quill,

Will you water my drying root,

like a promise; like a shelter,

well, you own an acquittal always in favour.

Harbour little love,

and let me grow and grow,

Sculpting all goodness of love,

there I will chose to be evergreen,

ripen with dreams,

lust for creation,

let my existence roots in your hand,

joined palm that full of care.



Nitusmita Saikia: By profession, an instructor in National Cadet Core, India, Nitusmita Saikia is a keen worshiper of literature. She is working presently in Jorhat Assam, India. A young budding poetess, Nitusmita Saikia, has been adored by the World society of poetry. She writes in both English and own regional language (Assamese). Being active in various online Poetry groups and blogs, she has been writing for E-Magazines like Tuck Magazine (USA), FM-Online (USA) poetry magazine, and blog Sparking.biz. With these, her poems have been published in various poetry anthologies National and International.



NATURE'S SOOTHING EFFECT

In this moment

relax your mind

and forget all negative comments

as you walk along paths tree-lined

through these enchanted, verdant woods

forgetting momentarily all worldly goods.

Basking in the *komorebi* that weaves through

each and every spindly, pointy leaf of the yews

enjoy the mellifluous cadences of the bird calls as they drift by

while you gaze at the colourful butterflies soaring against the bright blue sky.

Watch the dew shine off intricate silvery webs

surrounded by the aeolian sounds of the wind's flows and ebbs.

Lie down on the soft, springy grass underfoot

and feel nature's delightful textures barefoot.

So do take a moment every once in a while

to simply soak in nature's beauty and just smile…

For who knows when we will get another chance

to watch and admire nature's beautiful yet complicated dance.

Komorebi: (From Japanese) The interplay between light and leaves when sunlight shines through the trees (Source: huffpost.com).



Nivedita Karthik: She is a poet residing in Gurugram and working in the publishing industry. She is an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer and enjoys writing poems and stories. Her work has been published in Glomag and the Society of Classical Poets.



A CAT NAMED SUZY

A soft ball of white and black fur,

Sprawls near my kitchen door

Watching, watching…

Inscrutable eyes, a lovely emerald green

Follow my movements as I stir, simmer and putter

Around my tiny kitchen

Love the quiet, soothing company she offers,

When all others leave me to go about their daily grind

She is not noisy or intrusive, but a welcome addition to my family

She has her moments of mischief,

grabbing the mop from my indignant maid,

who is always in a rush.

She pretends to swipe at Suzy, my beautiful cat

Who adroitly and gracefully avoids the heavy thwack of the wet mop

I love the calculating way in which she watches the lizards sunning themselves on the window sill, her sparkling, slitted orbs follow the swift movement of the myriad birds on the trees,

you can feel her salivating as she imagines a tasty treat

so near, yet so far…

We all love her to pieces, but to me

She is my inspiration.

I want to be like her, connected to us

But blessed, unlike me to adopt that disengaged

Self-centered remoteness so true to a cat's nature

that I envy…



Padmini Rambhatla: I am a poet, teacher and homemaker residing in Chennai, India. I work as a high school English teacher. I have contributed to Glomag and my children's school magazine. I have not published anything so far but in the near future, I will. One of my recent and best accomplishments has been to develop a calmer and stronger attitude towards challenges.



https://castbox.fm/episode/A-Bipolar-Romance-id1331351-id101548267?country=us

On a tough day

When you are

Not at your best

Look at yourself

Through my eyes.

You will see yourself

In the best light.



Panjami Anand: I am an occult practitioner by profession. Sometimes it helps to know that we are all fighting secret battles and we are not the only ones in pain. I love to observe human relationships and nothing inspires my writing more. Thus, the dominating theme of all my writings are conflicts and triumphs of the same.



https://www.pexels.com/photo/indian-woman-in-a-tradititional-dress-2258799/

MASK

Pedalling thro’ her

satiating curves

her consort

with blazing zeal

spits out avarice

in his clandestine looks

those penetrate

from top to toe

sojourn and induce

sedation in her serum

along innumerable nerves,

cause ripples

to pass currents,

charm ooze out

lusciously

Womanhood, though wears

a false veil

delicately woven with

yarns of gossamer,

seeks to conceal

her awesome regale, however,

delving eyes seldom fail

to discern, and

when reticent waves

touched the shore,

mortified pretense

flinched into coyness.



Pankajam: She is a bilingual poet and novelist residing in Chennai India, retired from BHEL as Dy Manager/Finance. She has contributed poems, articles and book reviews to various anthologies and journals. She has published so far 3 novels and 11 poetry anthologies in English and has won many awards for poems and short stories including the Rock Pebbles National Literary Award 2019.



www.fotosearch.com

SOUNDMAGIC

I want to write my name on your body

With my tongue

Nails

Teeth

Toe finger and my Chest

Like a painter brushing with his palms.

When I leave

You will hear sounds,

Chanting,

Hissing,

Screaming

Oozing from your navel.

When you move

You will hear the frozen sounds come alive.

Take a step towards the shower

You will hear my name

Soak yourself in the tub

Waves of sounds

Fill up the tub

Like soap bubbles

Vibrating with your body

Massaging you,

Sounds massage you

Dry yourself with a towel

Towel turns warm

With my sounds emerging from the threaded seams

Start wearing your clothes

Magnetic fields of sound fill you

Aura of sounds circle your body

Feel me everywhere in your body

Deeply

Intensely

Even after I have left

Sound magic



Parasuram Ramamoorthi: He is a poet with three published volumes of Poetry. Norwich Musings (2003); Fire courts Water 2009; Neem Gita 2011; Playwright with twelve plays published and Performed. Autism Advocate and Pioneer in the file of Drama for Autism. Chairman VELVI www.velvi.org



BREAK FREE

Look, how my soul has shrivelled and dried

Tossing and turning on the wind-swept tide

Maggots and rats feed through every chink

Eyes of truth never relents to blink

Wounds fester like unending brawls

Anger relentlessly prowls

Pain walks hand in hand with my soul

Remorse lounges with me in life’s dust bowl

Anguish at happiness destroyed

Lament feeds my pain

It never waxes or wanes

When I face the mirror of my eye

I see the vermin of sins multiply

Lots of hurt, endless repent

Shrouds my soul in continual torment

Between the aching heart and dying truth

I yearn to submerge the hitherto brute

Each gash with healing power of repent soothe

It’s worth taking a chance

To break free of shackles of guilt and toil

Let the soul flow through the cosmic soil

Too long it has heaved and recoiled.

It’s time now to take a bow

And unleash a new sprightly dance.



Paromita Mukherjee Ojha: Dr. Paromita is a voracious reader, dreamer, blogger, painter, mostly on the move having worked with corporate houses in the past and now better half of service personnel. Poems and short stories published in Readomania, Learning and Creativity, Story Mirror, Café Dissensus. A participating author of two short story anthologies conceived by Readomania. A participating poet to a poetry anthology titled 'Umbilical Chords' and 'Muffled Moans Unleashed'. Aspire to write a novel sometime in the near future. Regularly expresses her thoughts on

paromitamukherjeeojha.wordpress.com

Twitter Handle- @paromita2906

Facebook Page-www.facebook.com/paromita2906



https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/traversing-the-inner-terrain/201706/the-shadow-knows

SHADOWS

are noisy.

Scratch along surfaces as dead leaves,

Loud treemasks coloured chalk on blackboard,

a Polystyrene squeak they loom over.

Shadows are bright light in corners.

Always lose your shadow.

It will shine elsewhere.

bring clarity and colour.

You need more shadows.



Paul Brookes: I am a writer residing in Wombwell, England. I work as shop assistant. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published five poetry books. Forthcoming is another poetry collection called Ghost Holiday (Alien Buddha Press, 2018). My book ‘Please Take Change’ was published by Cyberwit recently.



AN AMAZING FIND

I picked a leaf up off the ground

You'll never guess just what I found

So read my poem if you please

And take some snuff, to make you sneeze

The snuff will clear your stuffy head

So you'll believe but not be led

By tales of fancy or fairy tales

Or nonsense bought on by strong, strong ales

One must be careful in such things

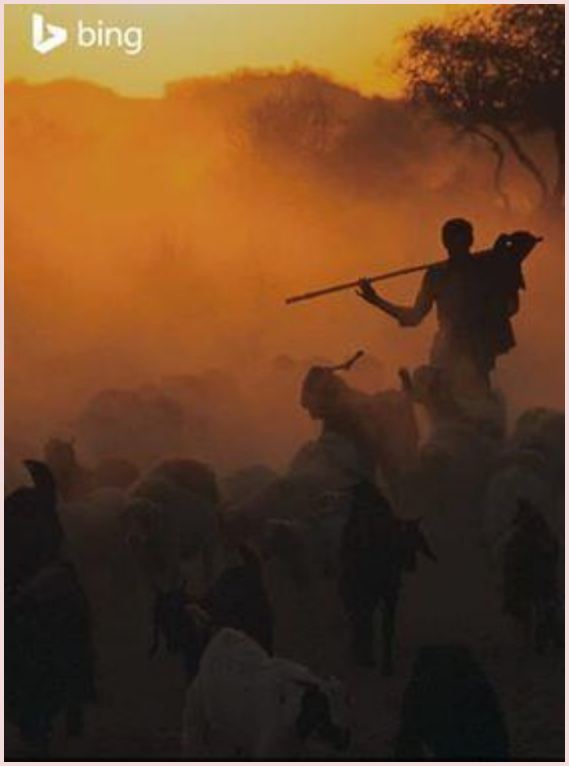
After exposure to poetry rings

For what is real and what is not?

Now what did I find? Damn I forgot!



Late **Philip G. Bell:** He was born in West London and became a professional in the field of vibration and acoustics. He was awarded a Fellowship of the Society of Environmental Engineers. He has written poetry, short stories and a children's novel. He also founded The Young Poet Society. He has published a novel, "The Elfin Child." He was diagnosed with terminal Motor Neuron Disease and died in 2015.



THE GOAT HERD'S SONG

Awake awake to chill mountains & hills

Awake oh! Fareed a' wake oh Rashid

Ammi has gone to get my stick

as I fill my cup and gobble a meal

Oh! Ammi, you are my life

and here a bread to my little goat

Oh! Ammi Oh! Ammi you are my life

From far hills and mountain

shines the golden sun

in leaves and herbs live fresh air, their food

while the wind swirls, I jump and dance

With Rashid, Fareed and Ramiz jaan

Oh! beautiful birds here we come

Ho! mountains here we come

Down the hills and below the sands

lie roads and lanes to the butcher's land

I reprimand with stick and shout "butcher Kaleel"

I would milk and get some money and penny

but never lay them to your dirty butcher hands

Don't you touch my Ramiz Jaan

Don't you dare touch my little goats

The setting sun, calls me to rest

in the beautiful mountains live all the rest

shining kites and drum drum doors

as we run to Ammi and Abbu's door

below in their room I leave them loose

we eat and gobble naan and soup

Oh! Ammi jaan it's time to rest

Oh! Ammi jaan it's time to rest



Pooja Suresh: Hello! I am Pooja Suresh, an upcoming Carnatic music vocalist and I perform concerts along with my sister. We sing as vocal duets and I also play the instrument Veena. I started writing as a hobby, and now, take part in various writing prompts and programs. I also

recently completed a NANOWRIMO camp setting myself a goal of 10000 words and received an honorable mention for one of my poems on togetherness written for On Fire Cultural Movement. I aspire to write more and read more.



SOLITUDE

Earlier, solitude as bliss used to be fancy.

When you knew within, that this is but transient

And life as "normal" would resume soon.

But one day, like the wolf's story,

Solitude will pay you a real visit;

With a promise to stay with you for eternity.

While the world would still believe it to be one of your whims or child-plays,

This wall of loneliness would have engulfed you

So much so that

You doubt your own existence without it

And you identify yourself with it.

Then,

Its absence starts making you uncomfortable.

Because, when solitude is no longer a choice,

It sheds its inhibitions of a newbie

And starts portraying its loyalty to you

Empowered with pure bliss.



Prabha Prakash: I am a poet residing in Kochi, Kerala. I am a Chartered Accountant and work as Senior Auditor at EY. My first poetry anthology "Lost Monsoon" has been published by Writers Workshop Kolkata. I have been selected for the Reuel International Poetry Prize 2019.



CANNIBAL

Once again

A white sheet of paper

Will soak my blood

Leaving skeleton behind

Not to be ventured even by the daredevil vultures

Those patches of lonely land

have already been grazed by the cows and buffaloes

Wind taking its toll

Leaves have fallen off

Rest are to be consumed by those bleating mouths

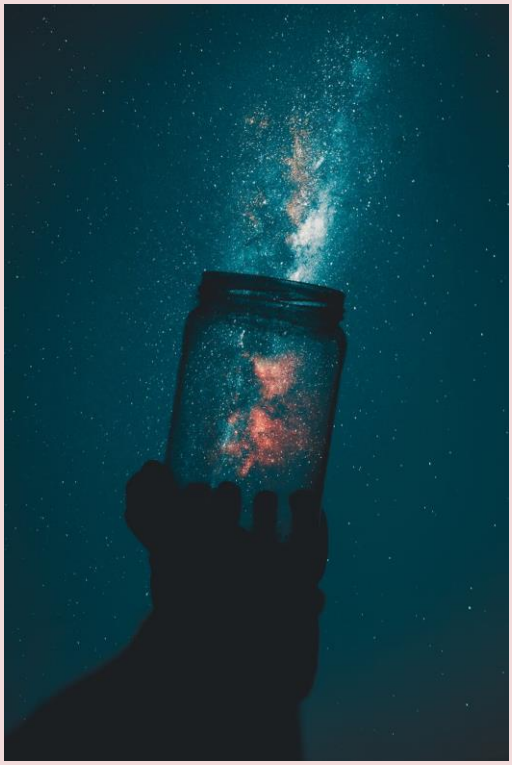
Everywhere lurking an invisible hunger

Jaws munching everything that is greenish

And blood being soaked by a sheet of white paper!



Prahallad Satpathy: He hails from the Balangir district of Odisha (India). He is a bilingual poet. He writes both in Odia and English. So far he has published three anthology of poetry in Odia. His poems have been published in national anthologies like Scaling heights and international anthologies like Global Anthology on Peace and Harmony, Happy Isle, Feelings International, etc.



www.pexel.com

THE CAMPHOR OF NIGHT

Is it the fragrance of the kamini, the raatraani, or the cactus lily, masquerading as the brahmakamal?!

The elusive, intoxicating, heavenly scent of Kamakhya?!

The five senses physical are most wanting, in their quest for the Holy Grail,

The Consciousness alone,

travels deep within the bottomless Ocean,

Of the ever expanding Universe,

One creates, one preserves, one destroys,

Maya’s progeny,

They too seek the camphor of night,

Hidden somewhere beyond the light of the suns,

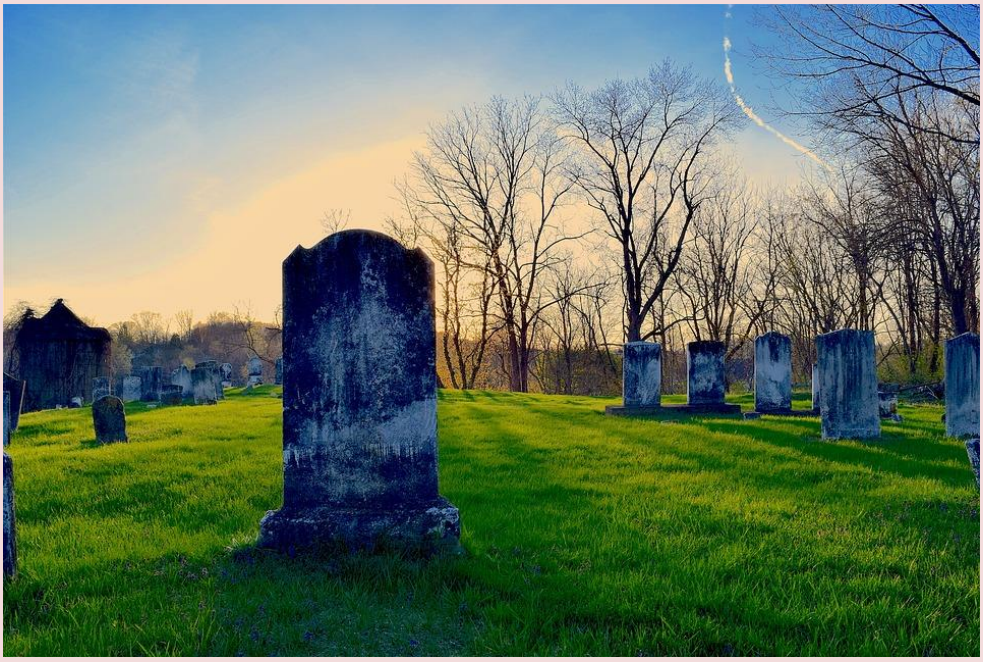
In blackhole darkness,

Where the kasturimrug, may unknowingly, point the way,

Thus Aroop makes its presence felt..



Pratima Apte: She is a poet residing in Pune, India. She is a homemaker, recently turned grandmother! She used to write sporadically in the Pune edition's Women's page of the Indian Express. She loves reading and writing, and words are her world.



Should we really bother about positions/titles/designations?

When chess game is over, the King and the Soldiers are kept in the same box.

Positions, Designations and all are temporary.

Be humble and human and down to earth, which is always permanent.



Praveen Ranjit: He is a creative writer who gets inspiration from nature to social issues and enjoys writing poems on love, life, compassion, happiness, human relations nature's beauty etc. At a very young age he developed his writing skills, published poems in various anthologies and periodicals and received many awards of excellence. He was a professor in the Department of Commerce, St. Albert's college, Kochi, Kerala from 1981 to 2014.



PROMISING SUN IN MY WARM FANCY

As the sun creeps slowly through the wintry clouds

My thoughts fly to kiss the ocean's blue

Silver clouds smile in joy on my windowpane

I hear placid lake water lapping with

Low sounds by the shore

Through the long hours of starry night

I search you

In the restless arms of sand

In the radiant hues of rainbow

In the warm lap of youth

In the flames of temple lamp.....

My words begin to burn the midnight oil

Let me shine in a celestial glow

To meet you again in solitude.



Preety Bora: I am a poet residing in India, Assam, in a small city called ‘Golaghat’. I have contributed to various anthologies and also edited one bilingual anthology of poems. Nature is my greatest inspiration. I love to paint my word amidst the beauty of nature.



https://theresaholeinmysoul.wordpress.com/2012/12/30/the-hole-in-my-soul/

A HOLE IN MY SOUL

I plead, for the love I desire

I please, for you to admire

I can’t keep anything to me

as I got a hole in my soul

My one-track mind

leads me to nowhere

As I get up every day and find myself in the same place

As I got a hole in my soul

For all the love

all the emotion

I reach nowhere no matter how much I stroll

as I got a hole in my soul

It is killing me now and forever

it is a place I don’t want to be ever

I am numb and I could succumb

any time any moment

as I have a hole in my soul

I try to bury my feelings

as deep down as possible

but it’s not in my control

as I have got a hole in my soul



Priyanka Nair: I am a blogger, poet, and speaker, residing in Mumbai, India. I work as a freelance content writer. I have contributed to various anthologies online. I have also published one eBook and was a part of an International collaboration for a non-fiction novel. Awarded as best debut author award.



Aren’t we all like the dog at Ghatkopar station

Cut down by a train that could not stop in its gigantic momentum:

But as they wrote at the gates of Auschwitz, 'Arbeit macht frei'

And there will be the great rosenspur, that promised Aryan millennium

In a machine of our own contrivance, being crushed to death?

Oh, they said that when the war is over, life will be all cosiness and coffee

And there will be choices too – Capuccino, Mocha, Macchiato, Latte…

For now, go into the White House and fetch me the manual

For fitting the Zyklon B cylinder into the pipeworks:

It is good work, brother, and 'Work makes you free' they say.

Yes, at the moment there is sweat and annoyance in the crowd waiting

for the coolness of the metro train to take it to wherever the desk-slaves labour

And there are tears that burn the soul because little Heidi went into das gaskammer

And never came out, and starvation is gnawing the flesh off your kosher ribs

But remember my friend - Schiller said: 'Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben'!

Küsse gab sie uns und Reben,: Einen Freund, geprüft im Tod…

Remember my friend - what Schiller said: 'Walk, brethren, your path'

The trains coming in, sealed and full of resigned men, women and children,

And the worklists coming from Berlin, and Mengele's curious demands –

But, brother, friend, co-traveller, Are not we children of Elysium?

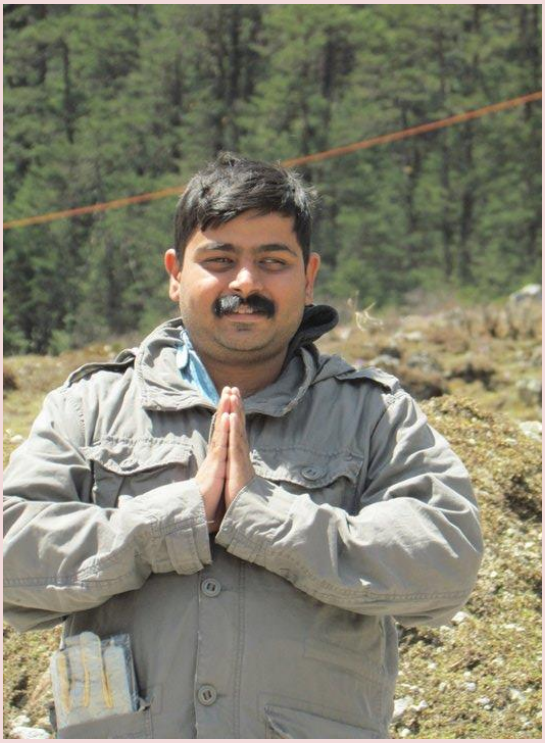
Work now, work, brother – the municipal gutter cleaner will bury the dog –

The late marks in the register will dock a day's salary and the child's smile

Work now, work, brother till the final address reads White House, Auschwitz

Or they who win put a tag on you – Prisoner no 462, Nuremberg Trials –

Remember the coffee and the cosiness, brother, 'Arbeit macht frei'.



Raamesh Gowri Raghavan: I am a writer residing in Thane, India. I work as freelance copywriter. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published poems in many magazines and poetry anthologies. I was felicitated at Amaravati Poetic Prism 2016 for writing poems in 11 different languages.



CORSAGE

Not a flower of amaranthine nature,

but a buddy Rose of fragrance,

lasting on my buttonhole,

with a smile of endurance

and grandeur, sits steady and firm

as woman of firm household

minding and binding in the hearth.

A precious GIFT from her good self,

The gentle serenading of Rose,

A move of lullaby and sleep,

Tapping around white garment

Travelling all over as a faithful

Servant clinging on; a breeze afar

Welcomes you with a bliss

Of boon passing on to the Giver.

A morrow for all of us with a

Waking Dawn and buttonhole

Smiling steady and stay ever.



Radhamani Sarma: She is as student of Ethiraj college, Chennai. She specialized in the plays of W.H..Auden for her doctoral thesis from the University of Madras. She obtained PGDTE from CIEFL from Hyderabad. She served in Pachaiyappa's college and is a retired professor of English with 31 years of teaching experience. She has published four books of poems and one book of short stories. She is widely published in various anthologies and is a reviewer and critic.

Her blogs:

pearlradhe.blogspot.in

pearlradfhe.wordpressf.com



A POEM CAN HAVE ANY SUBJECT THEY SAY

Round little rain drops fall

drip drop, pitter patter,

play on the grass across

the hazy pane.

There is a small

slit of life and I open it wide

to watch egrets, fourteen,

white spots on the green;

a peacock, feathers folded,

wet on the football post.

The drops, they call

one asleep or lost and forgotten,

or buried somewhere

deep; declare there's life

still.



Rajnish Mishra: He is a poet, writer, translator and blogger born and brought up in Varanasi, India. He is the editor of PPP E-zine, a poetry e-zine. He has a blog on poetry, poetics and aesthetic pleasure: https:/poetrypoeticspleasure.wordpress.com.



We are planting the saplings of hope,

For ever-lasting greener pastures,

Away from the lurking shadows,

Of harrowing tales of persisting miseries;

Brown fields are water-filled,

Where our hands and feet

Are moving in a rhythmic motion;

We are singing from our hearts,

Enjoying the time in gay abandon;

Planted saplings will turn one day,

Into paddy plants in course of time;

Our nurtured dreams will come true,

And the songs of happiness will ring again,

With mirthful rhythm and joyous rhymes;

Though clad in colourful clothes this time,

Life offers to us only shades of gray;

Rain God has emptied her treasure-trove,

Welcoming life, we are back in fray!



Rakesh Chandra: He is a retired civil servant. He is currently pursuing his Ph.D in Law from Lucknow University. He has got one collection of poems Titled "Moon is Black" and also one collection of Hindi Poems. His English poems have found place in different Poetry Journals and News Papers' literary supplements. He also has authored two books on Law.



ICICLES

Bare-bodied trees

in the cold autumn night,

stand with tonsured heads--

Leafless and mute!

Clamours of the day

have faded into darkness;

the train of thought

comes rolling in.

Icicles of memories--
Pleasant and unpleasant,
hang on the branches
amid freezing silence.

Cherished memories beckon to me:
I wish to hug them in the
secrets of my heart forever:
till the last breath!

Scary memories
attack like a python,
crushing and squeezing
about to swallow me!

Truths making our
human story in an

unpredictable universe:

Short-lived and transitory!

Life goes on...

I write and write

on the sheet of time--

Beauty, love, hurt, betrayal...

My heart beats; dreams

in seemingly dreamless night,

shapes in the silver morn--

All yearn to melt into lyrics!



Ranjana Sharan Sinha: I am a poet, author and literary critic residing in Nagpur, India. I worked as a professor of English and research supervisor, RTM Nagpur University, Nagpur. Received many awards for my humble contribution to literature. Accolade from the former President of India, A.P.J. Abdul Kalam for my poem ' Mother Nature'. I have contributed to more than 15 international anthologies print and online as well. Authored and published 07 books- Poetry anthology-02; Collection of short Stories-01; Critical Books-03; Rhymes for Children-01. Invited as a resource person, Mata Sundari College, Delhi University, New Delhi.



EMBELLISHING

Near the well she sits humming a song snatched from the wind

Her fingers are little fishes darting between silk

A village grows within her belly

The sun swoops and ricochets off bright sequins

Choosing the best she sews them on

She is embroidering a dupatta for her own wedding

For every bit of gold on the silk, she spreads some rays

pushing at all the darkness heaving

The village smells her fear and erects its fences

Its voices rise as she lapses into silence

Her breath is a memory, her sigh is a dream

The day on its knees catches a tear as her needle spins

In silence a night has bloomed in her twinkling lap

Her own labour of love and she has to wear that

The sun grips her hands and then leaves her to weep

She brings forth endless stars but none that she can keep

Every thread is strong, every bead shines

Every stitch is perfect, none out of line

Her song is a wail, her past a sunken reef

and she must wrap the sun and the stars over her grief



Reena Prasad: She is a poet/writer from India, currently living in Sharjah (United Arab Emirates). Her poems have been published in several anthologies and journals, e.g., The Copperfield Review, First Literary Review-East, Angle Journal, Poetry Quarterly, Lakeview International Journal etc. She is also the Destiny Poets UK's Poet of the year for 2014 and one of the editors of The Significant Anthology released in July 2015. More recently, she was adjudged second in the World Union Of Poet's competition, 2016. She writes at Butterflies Of Time.



Sing no more of battles lost

Of weary kings and fallen crowns.

Of deadly nights and gloomy days

Of ageing men awaiting death

Of leafless trees that autumn brings

Of grieving lovers who sigh and groan

And sing sad verses for the love they lost.

For I shall have no more of these.

Sing to me of warriors fierce

Who fought and fought

But never lost.

Bring to me a lovely child

That smiles and jumps and never cries.

And handful of flowers that bloom in spring.

Come with me to that hidden abode

Where love is young and lovers kiss

And when you sing to me of these

I'll sit by you and never leave.



Ritika Ojha: I am a poet, residing at Dhanbad. I have contributed to one online anthology, and one magazine so far.



BLUEFEET

Galapagos!

Blue Bop of Blue Bird feet,

brushing

bustling

plip-plop cross the sand,

puffing madly on seasalt,

greeting other dancers

saluting the shifting waves

sailing in from Ecuador

Bop Drop

Blue Bird,

stashing evolutionary mysteries,

shoetop tips swimming in blue teacup leaves,

their blue running shoes skipping over currents

Galapagos rhythms, untamed, essential

and all through the crossing the wind

those tides applaud,

those waves shout:

“Bluefeet, make more babies!”



Robert Feldman: I am a writer and painter residing in Port St. Lucie, Florida. I own and operate a college test preparatory company. I have also published several poems and short stories in booklets, anthologies, and magazines, both hard copy and online.



AUTUMN'S DREAM

My deepest thoughts travel

To the rhythm of the song

Coming from my heart,

Not yet asleep but in a

Meditative state,

I am dreaming

Of the love waiting for me,

Perhaps tomorrow it will be!

I do believe

That so much depends

On a bright tomorrow

When my sorrow will be

Softly shaken like leaves

When they fall freely

And beautifully

Decorate October!

Those bright and colorful days

Dressing every tree in Autumn:

In rust, amber, rose and plum,

Subtler hues of peach and blue,

Skipping lightly across

The isolated sidewalks,

Lawns, fading streets

And everywhere in between!

This great reservoir of colors

Surrounding me

Taking me to a joyful flight

In my imagination!

I now know it’s time

To meet you and fall

Into your loving arms

While passionately kissing

Your sweet lips!



Romeo della Valle: Born in a beautiful island named Quisqueya or Hispaniola and from Italian and Spanish parents and coming to America very young with a goal, mainly, to succeed in life and be happy. I am a man with a Vision and a clear mission: 'To spread my message of Love an Peace throughout the World and if my poetry can touch a single soul in the World, then I would gladly die leaving my clear footprints behind!



https://www.homedit.com/10-easy-make-hanging-planters/

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

Hanging pictures.

Hanging plants.

Hanging men

in record

numbers.



Ryan Quinn Flanagan: He is a Canadian-born author residing in Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada with his wife and many bears that rifle through his garbage. His work can be found both in print and online in such places as: Evergreen Review, The New York Quarterly, GloMag, The Poet Community, Red Fez, and The Oklahoma Review.



https://www.independent.ie/world-news/and-finally/9-terrifying-stories-that-prove-geese-are-in-fact-evil-36781413.html

THE CACKLING OF A GOOSE IN A MONSTER'S DEN

People are there in the world

Cruel in nature, heartless and brutal too,

Act in the way that is harmful and inhuman

May victimise anyone, even me and you.

The tyrant kings ruined and killed ruthlessly

Punished their tenants cruelly enough

At the time when monarchy prevailed,

The brutality still emerge

Behind democracy the disguised violence---

And massacre by the terrorist, unless strongly obstructed.

A holy spirit can only bring changes

Incidents may be cited in the regard,

Incarnations were sent by the ‘omnipotent’

And evil things driven away from the earth.

Such incarnations required in the Universe today

Who can rectify all evil minds with the spirit of God,

Which is desired but sounds absurd, like a myth

As if a goose cackle from a monster’s den.



Saikat Gupta Majumdar: I am an amateur poet. I reside in Kolkata. I work in a private organisation in 'Accounts Division' My hobby is writing poems, rhymes, and captions both in English and Bengali. My English poems have got published in various online magazines so far. I have obtained certificate from one of them also. I wish to get established as a Poet.



THE GLOW OF FREEDOM

I looked at the plane of freedom

Thru the eyes of my ancestors

Golden rays of happiness was spread

In the faces of all, those who lived that time

They chant slogans opposing Masters,

But they were not caught behind bars.

They read what they want to, and

They sipped their morning coffee

With Strong blend and read true news.

They wrote what they feel,

Because they were not under a seal

They ate their favorite meal

They engaged with good deal

They moved as free as they wish

Without fear of gang rape and perish

They were neither lynched nor smash

Because there were no question of

What religion or caste they are

They grew up in a mixed culture

Mixed society, mixed thoughts

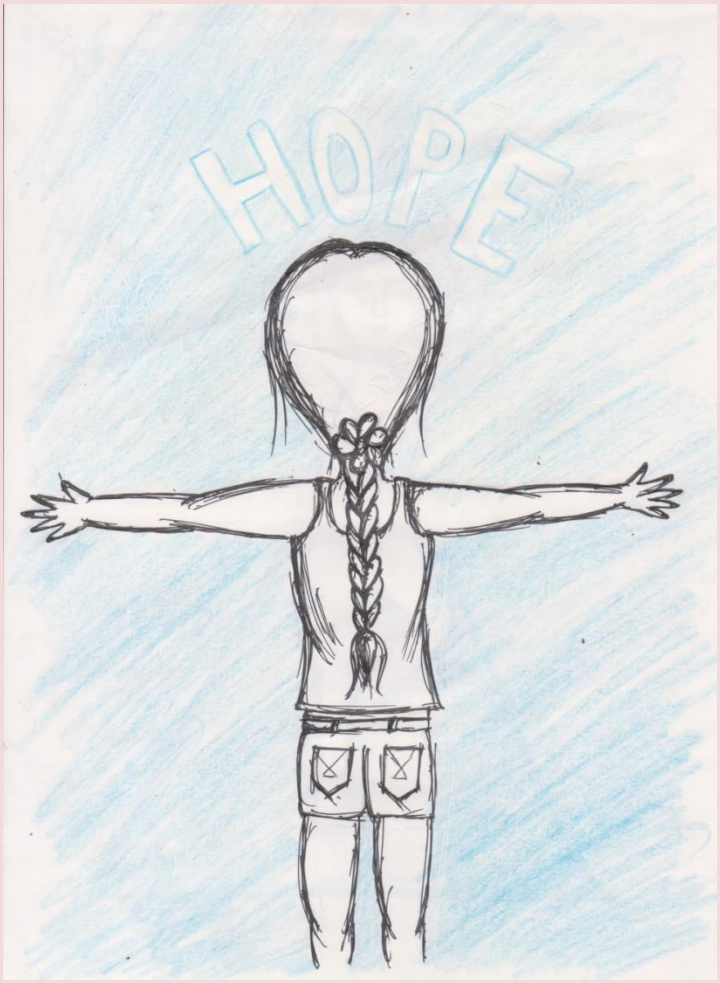
But they kept lots treasures of

Freedom and love, that for now,

Lost its meaning and glow.



Saleem Raza (Saleem Kattuchola): A freelance writer and painter from Kerala, India, working in Doha as Franchise General Manager. Writes short stories, poems and travelogues in various magazines (Malayalam), periodicals with a pen name of 'Saleem Kattuchola', and used to write English poems and articles in International magazines and newspapers as well.



Sketch by Samixa Bajaj

IF ONLY

If only I had listened to my instincts,

I would not have been jeered at,

If only I had not gone to the party,

I would not have been groped at.

If only I had studied well,

My grades would have been way better,

If only I had not 'fitted in with',

I would have been reading an acceptance letter.

If only I had listened to my mom,

I wouldn't be sobbing in my bed,

If only I had ignored those catcalls,

My self-esteem wouldn't be in shreds.

Ah, what now? What's done is done

And I can't reverse it anyway.

Gone is gone, let's see what comes,

Tomorrow will be a new day.



Samixa Bajaj: I am a student of class 9 and absolutely love my books (excluding textbooks). I enjoy sketching and dancing besides poetry, which I write based on my moods and likes.



WEEPING WALLS:

I awake to a sound of slow sobbing that echoes through the darkness

Perturbed, I look around, yet there's no one there

Only the linen curtains mournfully swaying in the moonlight

Then I realize it's the walls - moist, tear studded - I run my frail fingers over their rugged surface

They whisper back, between sobs -

"They all go by your smiles, your beautiful khol lined eyes

Your tinkling laughter and musical words...

But beneath that shield of pretence

We see those unshed tears in your eyes, those faded, lacklustre cheeks, fake smiles that mean nothing to you

Yes, we see you weeping into your pillow every night, crying yourself to sleep

Waking up to nightmares

And still, braving the next morning with those bold eyes and painted lips

Warrior girl - we see what these humans will never ever see...

The pain that runs through your veins, the venom you swallow with a smile,

each day, every day...

And yet you have nothing but unconditional love and gratitude for all of them who cross your path...

Today we weep, because we have seen enough and more of suffering in silence - it's just too painful to watch

You dying a little every day, even as you keep smiling

Have you ever thought, "Who will cry when you die?"

The walls continue sobbing silently, while I am left wondering...

Tears trickling down my lashes to my cheeks..



Samrudhi Dash (Inara): I am a poet, novelist, editor and motivational speaker, currently residing in New Delhi, India. Along with contributors to over two dozen anthologies, international e-zines and magazines, I have published till date five solo poetry anthologies and two novels and conceptualised and edited an anthology of epistles, an anthology which is a tribute to the Indian Armed Forces and a medical assistance journal. I write under the pseudonym Inara and have completed my Masters in English literature from Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi. My signature words are "Hope, Live, Believe". I have recently been award as "The Most Creative Editor" by The Impish Lass Publishing House, Mumbai.



PRAISE NOT

Praise not my skin

Nor the hazel eyes of mine.

I have learned to live my life

With flying time.

Pen no poems

My skin is tanned & dark.

The battles I have won

My loving scars abundantly

sing & mark!

Don't look for flowers

In my long dancing braid.

My hair is short & kinky

But enough to create waves!

Don't read my name

Just as a feminine noun

Cause, I know well

How to bejewel

My thorny crown!



Sanhita Sinha: She is a native of Tripura. She is a teacher and bilingual poet. Her poems have been published in different national and international anthologies, journals and magazines. Apart from writing, she is actively engaged in cultural activities too. She is a regular artiste of television and radio too.



THE SNUG HOUSE IN THE REMOTE VILLAGE

I tiptoe to the foggy window to find

a laborer woman at the construction site,

deep in thought. What is she thinking?

Unblinking, she peers into the distance,

at a herd of sheep grazing nonchalantly ,

sadly recalling her arthritic father back in the village,

resting his tired legs on a tree trunk

as his flock of sheep graze in the pasture .

Absently, she rocks the patchwork crib,

where her colicky baby smiles in his sleep.

Is she thinking of her snug house

in that remote village,

where she left behind her sheep,

still bleating forlornly for her,

and the skeletal dog,

the self -styled guardian

of their ramshackle house,

often jerking out of its snooze,

licking its many wounds,

ears pricked to every sound, in the winter chill ,

still bound to those warm memories,

mute eyes loaded with the poignant query,

“have they come back,

have they?”



Santosh Bakaya: I am a poet, novelist, and essayist and Ted speaker, residing in Jaipur, India, working as a teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies and have also published novels and edited poetry/story anthologies. My latest novel is 'A Skyful of Balloons'.



DEDICATED TO MY CLOSEST FRIEND

As I remember those times, far too amazing

The memories in my mind are slowly fading

As one intricate detail is lost with each retelling

I realise time is unforgiving

I can see distance in closeness

Although the names that we like before, address

The warmth sometimes misses me

The comfort and security that I had made it to be

But I guess our time together is over

The past few years are a blur

Yet I remember those days where every day we met anew

And every day in my head I said I love you.



Sara Bubber: I am studying Human Development from MSU, Baroda. In my free time (sometimes even during classes) I love looking out of the window especially when it rains. I love reading, listening to music and spending time with my dogs. My dogs are my favourite people in the world.



THE FIRST DROP…

When the first drop of rain

fell on my face

I felt your caress throughout!

When the first ray of the sun

touched my body

I felt your love all over

sweet and sublime !

When I heard the first chirp of the bird

I heard your sweet melodious voice

pampering my heart's strings!

When I saw the setting sun

I felt your care deep in my heart

telling me not to be scared

of the pitch dark night!

When I saw the twilight glow

I felt your sweet kisses

so divine!

When I saw the first wave fiery

hitting the shore I felt a deep pain

wiping out my dream castle

built with passionate love

but your caress took away my pain

forever making me captive of your

divine heart

When I got drenched in the

heavy downpour

I started calling out to you for help

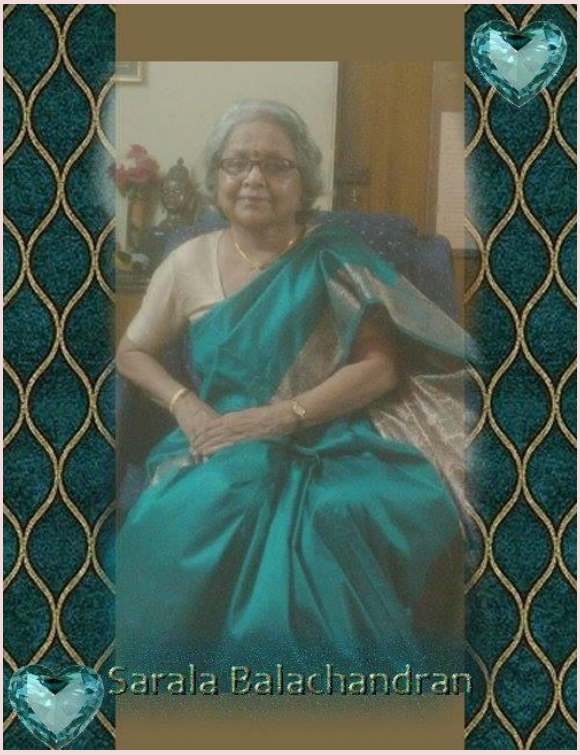
you came and held me tight

I surrendered to you with delight!

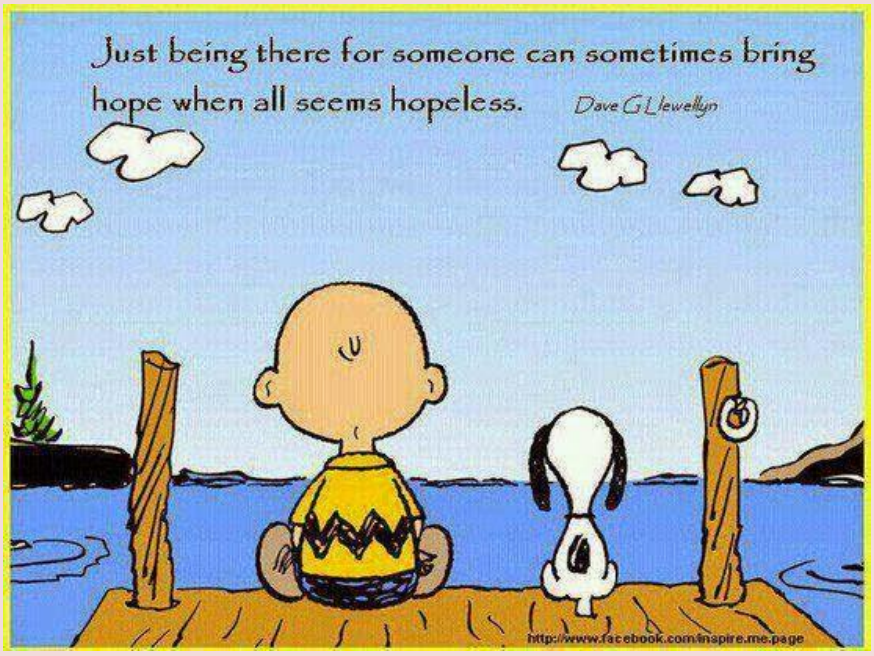
We walked and walked

through the rain

enjoying every drop of rain !



Sarala Balachandran: I reside in Kolkata, West Bengal, with my family. My poems have been published in national and international anthologies. I am a contributing poet for Different Truths. I write free verses.


Just being there for someone can sometimes bring hope when all seems hopeless.
Dave G Llewellyn
http://www.facebook.com/inspire.me.page

GOODNESS

The goodness I experience around me,

This is all I need to prod along:

A touch of colour to a greying world

A smile under a blazing sun

A flower abloom on a misty morn

To whom being itself is fun

A lonesome star on a cold dark night

That makes me smile even when I'm lost

A friend who will give you a hand to hold

And a shoulder that thaws morose frost

Laughter that bubbles from the soul

Tears that well from the heart

Wisdom that is wrapped in innocence

Like the meaning hidden within art,

This is all I need to prod along...

So I take the first step

I become that vibrant rainbow

I smile at the passer-by under the sun

I become the flower that simply is

And the star on a lonesome distant run

I become the friend who extends a hand

I am that shoulder to hearts lonely and cold

I laugh from within the depths of my soul

I cry with the passer-by - young or old

I become wisdom gathered in experience

I become art that stems from innocence

I am that and that is I

A spark of the divine beyond the sky



Saranya Francis: She is a poet, content writer, freelance language and life skills trainer. She is a multilingual poet with published poems in English, Hindi and Tamil. She has to her credit 3 published study guides and 2 anthologies of poetry titled Ambedo and Being Purple. Her poetry is featured in reputed anthologies in India and abroad. She is the recipient of the Bharat Award for Literature (2018), Rabindranath Tagore Award (2017), and National Chanting Bards Award (2017). Saranya is also the Secretary of ZAV Foundation, an NGO working for the cause of education and women empowerment. She has represented the country at various conferences abroad particularly The World Youth Day, Toronto Canada.



PARLOR TRICKS

When lightning strikes

the record skips

First sky to ever

let me taste its teeth

What’s a little rain

when we’re already electric

Cue the smoke

and drop the curtain

I looked up both your sleeves

but promised to never spill any secrets



Scott Thomas Outlar: He lives and writes in the suburbs outside of Atlanta, Georgia. His most recent book, Of Sand and Sugar, was released in 2019 through Cyberwit. More about his work can be found at 17Numa.com.



https://freephotosroom.blogspot.com/2018/09/free-photo-jamun-tree-fruits-and-his-leaves.html

‘JAMUN’ TREE

It was dusk when I tumbled

into the surprisingly warm folds of

of the old 'Jamun' tree

Snuggly fitting into Its gnarled roots

Hidden from the street lamps

That glowed dim with drunken stupor

In its depths

away from the flickering tongues

Of powerful headlamps

You fluted me into full bloom

Whittling away my denials

One by one till it became a habit

A rightful objective

To settle into the warmth of your lap

Kept as a downy lining

between the distant stars

And the wet malleable earth beneath

Drinking in the twilight

Flitting in each other’s eyes

I swore i could measure

the depths of your tawny irises

All the way to the neighbouring milky way

And you conversely worked

On reading the micro dimensions

Of my curved eyelashes

Till we fit into the point

Of a proton before the big bang

Time worked mysteriously

Flying with the speed of light

When I was there with you

In our make shift cul-de-sac

Yet it seemed like eons

When I waited for twilight

To stroll in with you

for our scintillating interlude

The tanginess of purple juice

On entwined tongues

Crushed between shared teeth

Caught and savoured by locked lips

And then the endless kisses

To wash away the purple stain

Of forbidden Jamun fruit

Upon my lips

From the isolated groove

And then it was time to

Untangle ourselves

from each other's warmth

From the wilderness

of intermingled breaths

You used to tenderly tone

the give-away signs

Brushing my runaway hair

And ironing my crumpled blouse

With your trembling hands

Shoving me on the last train to home

I carried those stains

Wrapped from prying eyes

And here I am still scrubbing away

Those purple stains from the jamun tree

Having left indelible marks

Upon my bruised being

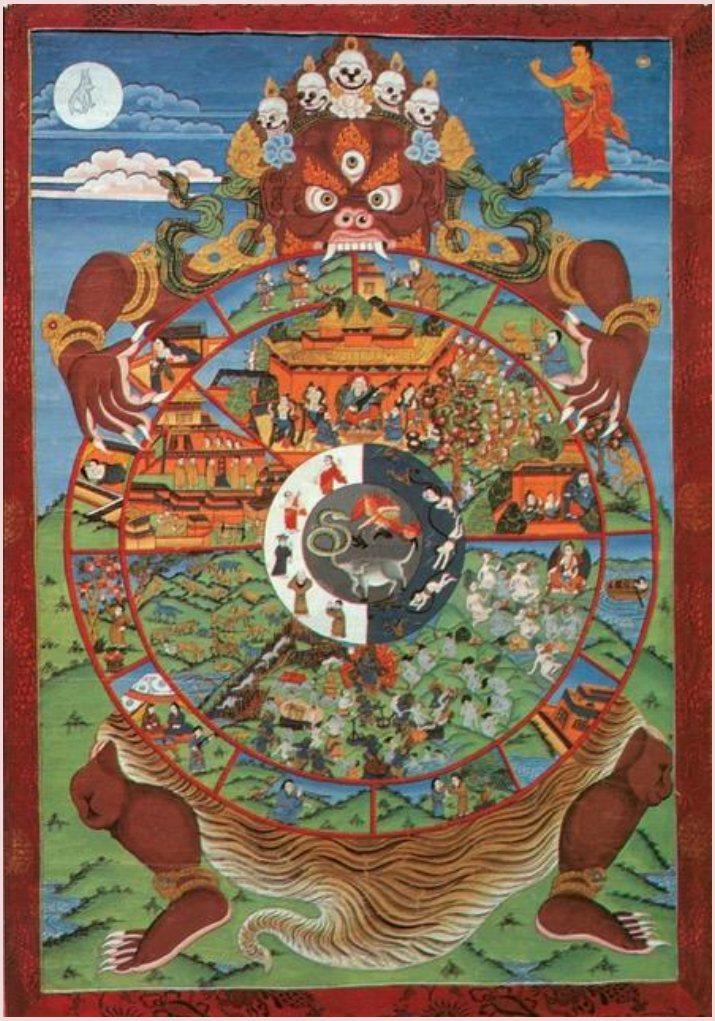
An yearning to soak myself

In the viscuous ink of your being

All these decades away



Seema K Jayaraman: She is poetess based out of Mumbai, India, and is a professional in the IT Banking domain. Her poems paint a vivid picture, colourfully presenting the myriad vibrancies of nature, at times stark depictions of human strife and tragedy. She writes both free style and rhyme-based verses, and she also enjoys writing haikus and tankas. Her debut book, Wings Of Rhapsody – A Dalliance Of Poems, was released in June 2016.



Buddhist Cycle of Life (Tibetan style painting)

So when shall I give, the river's in flow

When shall I pause to return what I took?

For every death there has to be a birth

The world has a balance it can't stand to lose.

I try. The world rolls on. The sun shines. I fry.

Where mountains shiver in the glance of ice

There I appear again and again, fresh as birth

There the cycle rolls, being and dying, trying and frying.

The cycle rolls.



Shreekumar Varma: He is a poet, novelist, and playwright residing in Chennai, India. He is a full-time writer. He has contributed to various anthologies. He has received the R. K. Narayan Award for Creative Writing.



A LOOK AT LIFE-16

The man on the street

I look at him

He looks at me

The eyes meet the eyes

Never the heart

l barely think about the man,

seemingly insignificant

and completely lost in his own world,

so different from that of ours

He seems to have discarded

the values of the larger society,

so dear to each and has his own likes and dislikes that has nothing to do with

our whims and caprices.

I am in a cell

What I learned over the years

and the way I was groomed

prohibits me to treat the man as a man,

the values I inculcated

and lovingly nurtured

comes in the way.

When I retire

from my ignoble strife

with very little life in me,

my tired eyes again meet his,

lively and fresh.

I laugh at him

He smiles with me

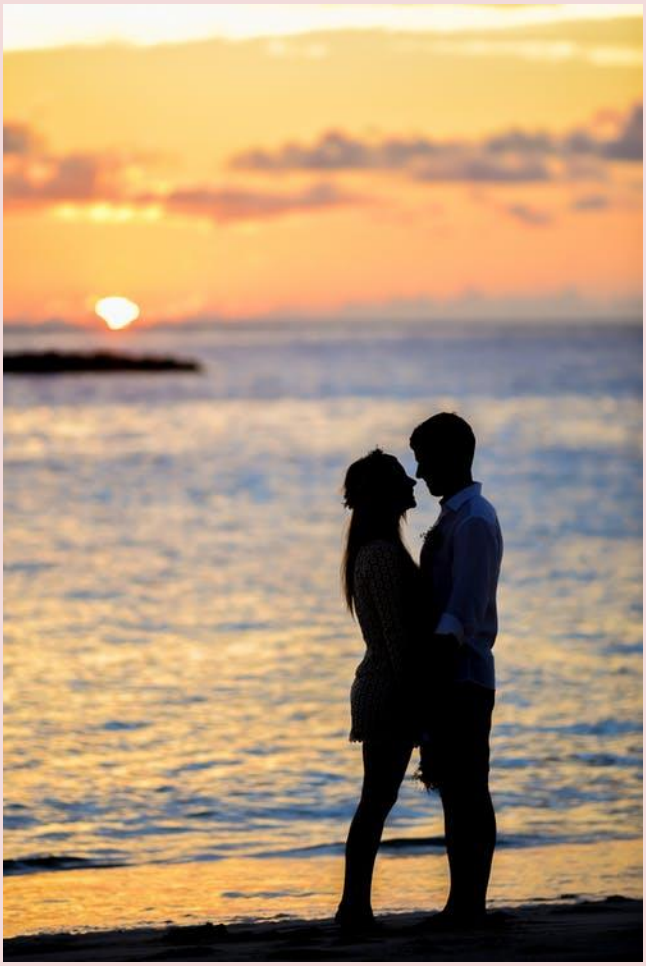
I do not know

Whose gesture is true and genuine



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty: He is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer. He is a published poet and writer and a featured poet of PENTASI B World Friendship Poetry. His writings include essays, short stories, poems and novels which are published in newspapers and in various national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. Working as Finance Officer in Govt of Odisha, he writes extensively on life, its beauty and intricacies which are widely acclaimed.

Website: smrutiweb.wordpress.com



www.pexel.com

CONDITIONAL LOVE

There he sat a little sad

A little lost

A little broken!

There she sat a little sad

A little broken

But resolute!

A young love story

Of attraction

Of meetings

Away from

Prying eyes

Of love letters

Couriered by mates.

Till it was time

To carve a future

Of sustenance.

Days turned into months

Months into years

Nothing moved

Nothing happened.

The wait could not

Be prolonged

To the persistent

Insistence

She had to

Buckle.

Her heart adjusted

The pain reflected

in the eyes .

His heart tried to overcome

Through the dark passage

In the mad anguish.

The capricious heart

Poured out the betrayal

Another 'she' listened

And fell in love

With love

With rejected love!

She comforted him

Told him that she loved him

Unlike the other

This 'she' would

Stay True.

It was wondrous

Their love

Their new love!

Yet the struggles

Never seemed to end

Their families

Their religion

Proved to be

Their

Poison.

Time passed

The first flush

Of Spring had

Weathered many

Cyclonic storms

Troubled Rains

With the onset

Of Autumn

In their lives

They stayed

Forever

Entwined.

Yet love had

The Last Laugh

He had to convert

He had to migrate.

Now in Winter

They bask

In the warmth

Of happiness

Well adjusted

In

The purity of

Conditional Love!!!



Sudeshna Mukherjee: Her poetry deals with varied human nature. A keen observer she chronicles the happenings around her and society. ‘Meanderings Of The Mind’ is her published book of poems.



REMAINS OF EMBER

Not much of night

is in sight

darkness is ready to give in...

to the caress of light

fading remains of ember

all set to unlock

the deep black fetter

allow shades of bright to seep and spell wonder

Not a wink of sleep

I am able to steal

destiny has conspired it seems

torn letters...scattered all over

lip sync lines of plight

nostalgia tightens grip

as i reminisce each distant byte

Remnants of sorrow

eagerly await first signs of morrow

to erase the wild strokes from life's canvas

as shades of vermilion signal day's advance.



Sujata Dash: I am a poet, residing in Bhubaneswar, India. I work as a Banker. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published one poetry anthology.



THINKING THAT...

Thinking that

You are coming to your beloved

The fonts of the keyboard

Wake up with the sweet sounds

By the soft touch of my fingers.

Thinking that

You are appearing to your loved one,

The night unravels the veil of darkness

To provide the space for dawn earlier.

Thinking that

You are arriving to your darling

The cool breeze starts blowing,

The stream flows in full swing,

The birds start chirruping.

Thinking that

You are coming

The unruly locks of mine sway in the air,

Verses get lively,

They fall in love with the words

With all the ornaments and rhythm

To make you reach to your beloved.



Sujata Paul: She is a bilingual poetess belonging to Agartala presently. She is a teacher by profession but writing is her passion. She has published her solo poetry book 'Whisper of My Souls' and many of her poems and articles have been published in different national and international anthologies. Her second book 'Sarang', collection of poems has been published at International Conference of Multi-Disciplinary Research in Kolkata on 2nd March, 2019. Besides writing, she likes to travel and listen to music too. She wants to help the street orphans too.



THE MASK OF HAPPINESS

The mask I wear

Full of happiness

Full of smile, full of grace.

Just flawless!

I know nobody loves

A gesture fade, they all want

To see a happy face.

I greet the every passer by

Shower a little smile

The gesture of happiness

Now become my style.

I put every effort to be happy

Took consolation from them

Who are much unhappy,

But I'm not what I wanted to be.

What I’m today never I thought

I'm a puppet in the hand of destiny

Trivial what I lost and what I got.

Here and there I fumble god

Some injustice still search justice

Some scattered thought

Strike like an iron rod.

I want to fly, high in the lap

Of azure sky!

But my wings are clipped

I'm a caged bird in a golden cage

How can I!



Sumana Bhattacharjee: She is a bilingual poetry writer from India. She born and brought up in city Kolkata in a family of teachers. She has keen interest in music, poetry and drama and she loves every form of fine arts. She has done master degree in English Literature and Hons in

Bengali literature. She is a published poet and her poems have been published more than twenty national and international anthologies, magazines and blogs. She is the founder of an online poetry group and a member of World Union Of poets. She is very passionate about poetry and she thinks poetry is the best way to express your thought.



JUST YESTERDAY

Just yesterday you came

Fulfilling my heart and soul,

Delighting everyone.

I'd waited years for you—

Ma Durga took her time creating you,

Flawlessly sculpted, she sent you to me,

Those eloquent smiling eyes, rarely in tears,

Cream cheeks, plump with laughter, aglow.

Your double chin was a store house of sweets;

I'd dig my face in and eat with gusto—

Your laughter still dances in my heart.

You have now stepped into college;

You also hold down a job half a day.

New worlds await you

And I am speechless with pride.

When did you grow so big?

Just yesterday you came, a babe in my arms…



Sumita Dutta: I am a publisher, poet, and novelist residing in Chennai, India. I work as a teacher, writer, digital designer, and publisher. I have contributed to various online sites and anthologies. I have also published a novel and contributed to three print anthologies. My publishing firm is three books old, having launched my debut novel The Heart of Donna Rai, Poet Geeta Varma's debut book of poetry To My Violin, and Sri Chinmoy Biswas's An Overview of Spirituality.



AWAKENING

Standing on the threshold, I gulp that lump of tears
as the warm brush of your lips on the nape of my neck
melts frozen moments. Strong arms slip around me
pinning me once again to the crucifix of platitudes
with gossamer threads of a cocoon of solitude
leading me into the same maze where
I thought I had found my way out.

Stray beams of a benevolent sun
light up grimy shards of broken promises

in forgotten nooks and corners
years of waiting, hoping, pain and tears
limp slowly back to life, reminders of fake times,
when sugary dreams were washed away
drenched in monsoon downpours of lies.

Enticing whispers try seducing my songs.
as the pink dawn bids goodbye to stars
that stood guard over my dreams with the moon
in his glorious chariot, the golden prince arrives
caresses my weathered cheeks, kissing my eyes open,
the dream wafting with the morning haze
as birds twitter on my window sill.



Sunil Kaushal: I am a poet residing in Pune, India, a retired gynecologist, now working as a writer. I have contributed to various short story and poetry anthologies. Presently I am finishing my memoirs and a poetry book to be published soon.



https://www.flickr.com/photos/bewellandthrive/10397804455/

THE DONKEY: ANOTHER POV

O, creature of great patience!

You never

complain of heavy burden,

sometimes stubborn

but friendly, once the trust gets formed

between you and an indifferent master;

The educated think you to be dumb and angrily call their sons

As a donkey but facts are different!

intelligent, fun and eager to learn

with an hoary history of 5000 years as a working

animal for the tyrant humans across the world.

Looking at you, one is reminded of the wooden

donkey kept in an old house, rural India, a sturdy creature that the kids rode during

long afternoons of the summer holidays there

now--- sepia memories.

You have become an urban rarity these days,

even the fond washer-men have discarded you for fancy bikes,

the kids are frightened of you in villages changing into cities,

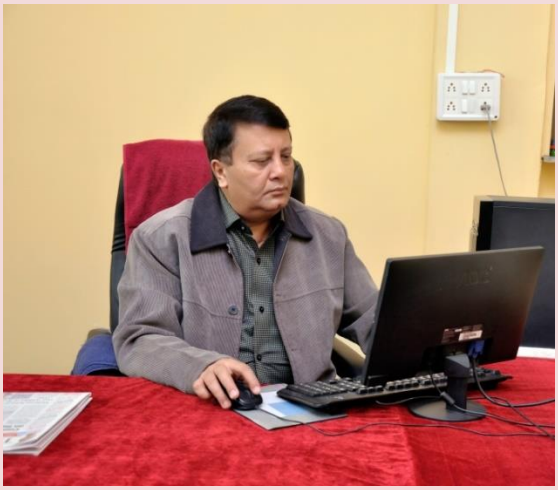
the out-of-job blacksmith has no time for silent you!

Occasionally I see a gypsy family leading a pack of three

along with their meager belongings on their backs, and

a street dog completing the little family of the dispossessed

reduced to the status of the uprooted vagrants in the midst of metro affluence.



Sunil Sharma: I am a writer living in suburban Mumbai, India. Work as a college principal. Published a total of 19 books, solo and joint. I edit Setu:

http://www.setumag.com/p/setu-home.html


"I refuse to wear sindoor."
.....
He knows I'm his. I don't need to tell anyone else.
"I'll cover my head sometimes if it means so much to you."
.....
But I won't cover my opinions where it matters.

Pic courtesy: Google

MADNESS

Even if you are Ram

Don't expect me to be Sita

If you want to be Dhritrashtra

Don't assume I will be Gandhari –

blindfolding eyes just to comply

Draupadi is certainly not who I am –

to give consent to unfair diktats

Be mild and dutiful like Urmila

Waiting patiently and endlessly

Is certainly not my cup of tea

A meek timid woman

Acting coy

Is not my way

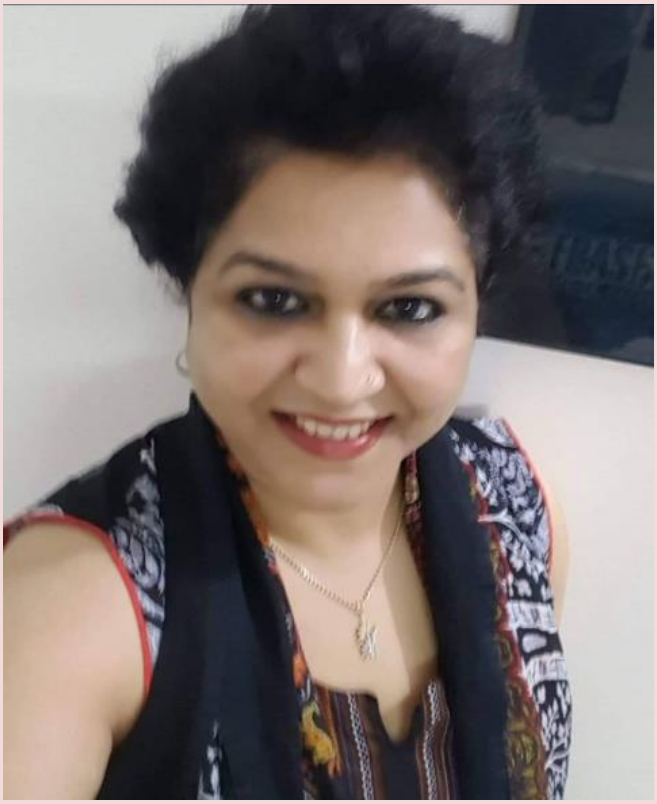
Fiery and feisty is who I am

I laugh heartily and talk loudly

I have an opinion

Don’t venture forth if you can’t handle

I wasn’t made to satisfy your male ego



Sunita Singh: She is a bi-lingual poet and writer, writing in English and Hindi. Her poems feature in Indian and International Anthologies and e-magazines. Many of her poems have won awards on on-line forums like Kaafiya, Poetry Planet, The Significant League etc. A few of her Hindi poems have also been turned into lyrics for private albums. She is an active member of Katha Kathan, a forum for reviving Indian languages. She lives in Delhi and is fond of travelling, music, reading. She finds inspiration from nature.



Acrylic painting by suzette portes san jose

INCANTATION OF THE HEART

whispers from what heart holds within

shaken the soul, body cold quivering

catching breath as lips in a grin

let the shadows free and lingering

words shatter the soft blowing wind

splintered tears in bits of tinned

it pains, it bleeds to find its end

gasping and groping trying to mend

bewitching each moment spared

into your heart from eyes that stared

whisperings incessantly roaring

from the cold breeze as wind blowing

freezing the skin, stiffening each vein

the warmth of blood starting to drain

the body and spirit grow weary and faint

sought the strength within so quaint

deep enchantment where love be found

hunted from incantation, a heart is bound



Suzette Portes San Jose: She was born and raised in Cebu City, Philippines, and is an accountant by profession. She now has joined 18 book anthologies. All her poems are written with her painting as visuals and are now appearing internationally. She has also published two of her own authored books. She is an admin of 8 groups to present, and the founder of POETIC HEARTS GROUP which is joined by Filipino artist/poets who are the regular artist-writers of her published anthology book. She just started "CHARITY PROJECT" a free basic painting tutorial with free materials which caters children from remote rural areas. The project is funded by her book releases. She was awarded Poet of the Year in 2017 by one of the prestigious poetry sites in the UK.



https://godshotspot.wordpress.com/2014/07/16/heavens-banquet/

FEAST IN HEAVEN

He was an old man now and had been seriously ill for a while.

He was tired of life and was no longer afraid to die.

He had even received an invitation to a feast in Heaven.

He had felt the presence of loved ones several days now.

Felt the boundless love from his deceased relatives and his beloved wife.

Death was no longer an enemy,

on the contrary

he was looking forward to

being reunited with his loved ones

on the other side of life.

In heaven

The table was set, decorated with

white linen cloths and

red roses,

porcelain plates and

silver cutlery.

The candles had been lit.

Sandwiches and cakes were ready to be served

He drew his last breath,

his soul left his physical abode.

He floated against the light,

and arrived the feast at perfect time.

He had come home!



Svanhild Løvli: I'm a Norwegian poetess.



BARSHO RE MEGHA MEGHA

There are no raindrops to touch my forehead,

It is the inauspicious mid-August in our motherland.

Only the thunderbolts are waiting to cascade

Upon us in this rainy season of newest brand.

There is no sign of promise for my shrunken face,

And no hope of change for nature's capricious moods.

Only the hopeful minds are waiting for god's grace,

But the anxious one is thinking of only deadwoods.

My hungry rosebud is dying with her sorrowful smile,

My singing bird is requesting me for early farewell.

It’s time to feel the audacity of some leaping reptile.

It’s time to set the wistful eyes at the bottom of dry well.

Oh god of rain! Please enliven my dried up heart,

By inviting a dark cloud for long spell of rain’s concert.



Swapan Kumar Rakshit: He is an Indian poet who lives in Bankura, West Bengal. He teaches physics for his professional needs. However, he prefers to write poems, especially sonnets. He wants to be acquainted with the universal mind through poetry.



BRIDGE

Can there be a night

Not punctuated

By a morning delight?

Can there be a day

Unsubstantiated

By the knock of a night?

That is why

'All the roads lead to Rome'

Life never is a monochrome!

Survivors do reach to

Joyous meadows

Wiser, still, would be ready

For the imminent gallows -

That bliss is a bridge

Only between

The pain before

And the pain after!



Tribhu Nath Dubey: He is a sociologist by profession and poet by passion. He is employed with the Commissionarate of College Education Rajasthan as an Associate Professor in Sociology. He has been Co-Editor of the Rajasthan Journal of Sociology—a peer reviewed academic Journal. He is presently serving as the Secretary of Rajasthan Sociological Association. He loves to resort to poetry as an essential means of catharsis.



https://www.elephantjournal.com/2016/12/the-life-purpose-of-the-twin-flame-connection/

PRIMAL DESIRES

Rife with anticipation

They had for forever held each other's gaze

Inching towards the other

Semi steps

He rummaged through her auburn streaked mane

She gingerly tiptoed

The first exploration of lips

Tentative

Much like the pre monsoon shower of the eve

Exploring only the surface

Till the downpour of today

Stroked their tongues on fire

And quenched –

Not just wet

That primal urge

To taste and be tasted



Vandana Kumar: I am a poet, residing in New Delhi, India. I work as a Teacher. I have contributed to various anthologies.



FEMINISM

Look, she is a feminist

A cleve iron lady

Every time finds time to act like

an orator of women-oriented subjects

All it is fake...

To collect public attention

And to become popular...

But why does feminism carry so much stigma

If we women ask for equality

Equality of sex

equality of education and job opportunity

And every walk of life

It doesn’t mean we are showing off

Or trying to be oversmart

Feminism doesn't relate with any fanatic term of modernity

It is simply to try to stop all discriminations towards women

If we want humanity in this world

First, treat our own mother, sister, wife and daughter as human beings

Not any material to use

Not any showpiece you choose

Not any slave who satisfies your needs

Or not any twenty-four hour machine

That works without any pain and demand

Remember don't worship us

Only give us some equal behaviour

Equal breath which doesn’t suffocate us

Only give a normal supply of oxygenated air of equality.



Varsha Saran: She is a homemaker but a bilingual poetess and a story writer by passion. Many of her poems and stories have been published in different international anthologies, e-zines, magazines, and newspapers. She has won many awards in writing.



I ALWAYS AM

In all those moments of the past

Which has etched its impressions to define me

In passing through—

I always am!

As too in that unperceived unknown blankness yet to come—

I always am!

But the past I am not, and the future too I am certainly not

I am not your recollection of me from our confront you have fixated upon

I am neither the me you think I will be in a time yet unseen

Speak not of me as was or will

Perceive me not through the clouded lens of illusion

Powered with prejudice and premonition,

But receive me instead, as I always am—

A gift for the present, an unmoving depth of peace

As life moves through me—

I always am!

I always am, and so are you!

I know it; but do you?



Vidya Shankar: A poet, writer, blogger, motivational speaker, mindfulness practitioner, and yoga enthusiast, residing in Chennai, India, I have been in ELT for more than two decades. I have been contributing articles to an international newspaper column as well as poetry and stories to anthologies and literary platforms. Myself a 'book' with the Human Library, I have published a book of poems and been on the editorial of three publications.



Courtesy: Wikipedia

SURVIVORS

We survived

A house divided by faceless promises

And the laughter lost in childhood--

We ignored outstretched hands

Trying to pull us back toward the shore

Having barely escaped drowning

In a whirlpool of advice--

We didn't want to read

Our fortune in coffee cups

Or set sail

Along the crests and troughs

Of the anxious calendar

Or share a thousand selfies

Taken on the beach

To define who we really were--

But as time passed by, we learned

In the nights that stayed awake:

Every beginning doesn't need an ending.



Vijay Nair: I am a poet residing in Palakkad, India. I worked as an Associate Professor of English. I have contributed to various anthologies. I have also published 3 poetry collections. I was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016 and was adjudged Poet of the Year – 2018 by Destiny Poets, Wakefield, UK.



https://twitter.com/valentinoivano5/status/1091409963384295424

A DIFFERENT ME

Something sweeps me up

Uncontrollable

I stand in the courtyard as the clouds gather

The wind tears at my dress, whips my hair onto my face

The sting brings tears, sudden, unbidden

Lightning rips across the dark sky

Lighting up the turgid clouds highlighting their puffy borders

Thunder ear-splitting

And the wind, how it gathers and flings

I am unafraid

I stretch out my arms

Trying to swallow the cold cold wind

My heart seems to burst with joy

The ferocity of the wind, the darkness, the lightning, thunder, the coolness

I gulp greedily

I laugh out loud

Ceraunophilia? Maybe.

What brings this ecstasy?

What stirred me?

The recognition of how puny a creation

I am on this vast canvas?

The energy that flowed around and in me

Reinforcing my unity with the Universe?

Years ago as a child I got lost

I sat in a teacup on a toy train

Alone. Staring at the green paint

Peeling in patches showing the rust brown beneath.

It was cold. Probably a rain had fallen some time ago

The cup was damp and held water in the circle along the bottom edge

I shivered and looked up at the cloudy grey sky

Would I be found?

Or would I be lost?

That four-year-old me wondered

About what would happen.

Would somebody else find me and take me home?

(On a previous occasion, I had been warned against getting lost)

Then would I be somebody else and not me?

I would have a different name maybe

After what seemed like a long long time

I heard daddy calling

Once, twice… I sat quiet

I wanted to be found but I didn't too

Peculiar me

He peered in and saw me

Relief flooded his face as he gathered me up and held me close

I don't remember anymore

But I still wonder if I had not been found would I have been somebody else?

I would still be here somewhere in this wide world.

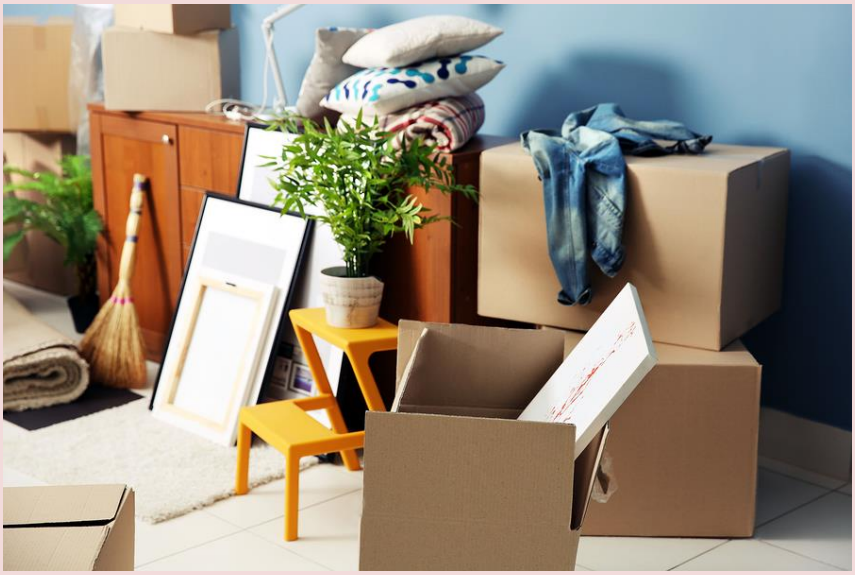
Not this me. A different me.

Maybe I'm still out there.

And this me is a different me?!



Vineetha Mekkoth: She is a poet, writer, translator and editor from Calicut, Kerala, working as Assistant State Tax Officer in the State GST Department. She has been translating for the Kerala Sahitya Academy since 2014 and has also contributed articles for the Malayalam Literary Survey, a quarterly brought out by the academy. She has published poems in various anthologies and is co-editor of 'A Dangerous predicament and other snippets: The Great Balancing Act in Indian Families' and also co-editor and participating poet of the anthology 'Umbilical Chords: An Anthology on Parents Remembered' published in 2015. Her debut poetry collection 'Ashtavakra and Other Poems' was published in August 2017 which is available on Amazon.



I saw my mother packing my things. My story books and magazines, a few issues of Champak and Sanctuary Asia for children. She remained busy whole day in folding my clothes and arranging it all in a suitcase. At last, she asked me for the keys of my drawer where I had kept my notebook in which I wrote poems. I had never shown my poems to my mother. She knew that I wrote poems but she never insisted me to show. I didn't want to take all those notebooks with me. I wanted to leave this part of my life, this memory of humiliation here but I couldn't tell it to my mother. As my mother locked the doors of my old room I saw the sketches I had done on the wall of my bedroom that I couldn't take with me but I knew this would remain always in my mind.

The memory would flash in front of my eyes occasionally. This parting pain will always be there in my subconscious. If only a solution was as easy as locking a door.



Vivek Nath Mishra: My short stories have appeared in The Hindu, Queen mob's Teahouse, Muse India, The Criterion Journal, Cafe Dissensus, Literary Yard, Indian Ruminations, Prachya Review, Indus women writing, and on many other platforms. My debut book is 'Birdsongs of Love and Despair'.



https://leaderonomics.com/leadership/sheikh-mujibur-rahman-lessons

THE DAWN THAT NEVER BROUGHT LIGHT

Dedicated to Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman

Often I look at that picture

Of the man in half black coat

As I delve deep into the eyes

Behind the wide glasses worn

All I see is fortitude and love

For the land and its children.

When at times I listen in silence

To that solemn voice moving

I wonder how much of a power

One can hold and exercise

Upon a nation fighting for its birth.

Freedom without you means nothing

You are Bangladesh, you are Mujib,

You are the friend of Bengal

Pervading its air and sky is your greatness.

The dawn you were there with glasses on

Not knowing that was the last dawn

Not just for you but for us till date.

Wonder how you might have felt

At that point against the trigger

The country you dedicated your life to

Had in it traitors in uniforms

To slay the best of men in the worst way

Such gross massacre never known

Or heard of in the pages of history

The founder of Bangladesh lying dead

The sun rose but with brightness fade.



Zulfiqar Parvez: He is the Vice Principal cum O Levels English Language Teacher, London Grace International School, Dhaka. He has done his Honours and Masters in English Language and Literature from the University of Rajshahi.



ciao! ☺